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THE ORGAN BOY.

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GINON

PIERRE, THE ORGAN-BOY,

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY CROOME

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PIERRE, THE ORGAN-BOY.

“GO ’way—go ’way from here!” exclaimed Mr. Thornton, throwing open the window-shutters and addressing in angry tones an organ-boy who had stationed himself in front of the house, and was filling the air with the not very melodious tones of his poor instrument. “Clear out from here, or I’ll have you taken up for a vagrant, and sent to the workhouse,” he added, as the startled lad ceased playing and hastily lifted his organ to be gone.

“Idle, loafing vagabonds!” muttered Mr. Thornton, as he drew in his head and partly closed the shutters he had thrown open so suddenly. “If I had my way, I’d send

every rascal of them to the workhouse. What right have they to disturb peaceful citizens with their horrid din? I'd as lief hear an old tin pan and a poker as one of these squealing organs."

Pierre Merlin—that was the name of the organ-boy—started in alarm at the angry exclamations of Mr. Thornton. Although he could not understand the words that were uttered, he comprehended, from the tones of his voice and the expression of his face, that a threat of consequences was in what he said. Hurriedly he moved off, and did not again venture to play on his organ until he was several squares distant from the house of Mr. Thornton. Pierre was of a gentle, timid disposition, but love for his sick sister made him firm and brave in meeting his lot in life and striving to overcome its evils. The children were orphans in their old home in sunny France, and had been tempted to visit America from having heard, through those who had friends there, much that made the land desirable.

There were none to dissuade them from their purpose, for none felt much interest in them. To America they came. Not an ail they were a few days in Philadelphia, without friends, without the means of support, and with only a few francs in their pockets, did they understand the great error they had committed. Marie was younger than Pierre by two years, and he was but sixteen. She had thought but little herself about the change of home. She had confidence in Pierre, and was ready to go wherever he thought it best for them to go. Under this feeling and with this confidence she had accompanied him to the United States.

They had been in the country for only a few weeks when Marie began to droop. She was pining for the vine-clad hills and bright streams of her own land. The bloom left her cheek that had lost its roundness; her eye was sad and full of tears just ready to gush forth. They had been taken in by a countryman of their own, who happened

to find them at the hotel where they went on first landing, and where they stayed until all their money was gone. This person thought that Marie would make an excellent domestic for his wife, and that Pierre would serve him as an apprentice in his business of cordonnier. To Marie's low spirits and failing health was added labour beyond her strength, and Pierre's own position was by no means an easy and agreeable one. Of that he would not have complained had Marie been well and happy; but he could not bear to see her look so pale and weary, and to find her so often weeping.

"I wish we were home again, Pierre," Marie said to her brother one day, expressing for the first time the feeling that had long subdued all others, while her lip quivered and her eyes became blind with tears.

"Home in France, Marie?" said Pierre quickly. "Then we will go home."

"But how are we to get home? We have no money."

“I will earn money,” said the boy, with a brave look and confident tone.

“But how, Pierre? How?” asked Marie, doubtfully, and yet with anxiety.

“I’m strong—I can work—I can earn money,” said Pierre.

“Mr. Martin will not give you money for your work?”

“No; but I won’t stay here. I will do something for money.”

“What *can* you do, brother?”

This question Pierre could not answer very satisfactorily, but his confident manner inspired Marie with hope. Weeks passed, however, without any way opening before the lad’s anxious eyes by which he could earn money. In the meantime, Marie’s condition became more and more distressing to him. She grew paler and weaker; yet no eye but his seemed to notice the change, nor did any heart but his feel for her any sympathy. She was to Mrs. Martin a good household drudge, and was treated as such. If kind words had accompanied

her daily toil, they would have lightened it; but there were no kind words for her ear except those spoken by her brother.

One day, a customer in the shop, a Frenchman, mentioned to Mr. Martin that a man living near him had died, leaving a wife and child without the means of support. The man had only been in the country a short time, and had supported his family by going about the streets with a hand-organ.

“He was doing very well,” remarked the customer, “with his organ, and would soon have had a little ahead. It is a great pity for his widow. I don’t know what she will do. I think her an excellent woman.”

Pierre thought a good deal about the poor widow and the organ, but said nothing to any one. As soon as night came around he went to see the woman. She was in sorrow and trouble, but there was something about her that Pierre liked. He asked a great many questions about the business her husband had followed, and learned that he sometimes made as much as two dollars

a day—rarely less than one. Finally he proposed to pay her three dollars a week to board himself and Marie, and one dollar rent for the organ. To this the woman gladly assented. Marie was very happy when Pierre told her what he had done; but Mr. and Mrs. Martin were angry, and said that they should not go—that they could and would compel them to stay. Poor Marie was dreadfully frightened, but Pierre told her, as soon as they were alone, not to cry, for he knew that Mr. Martin could not make them stay.

“We will go away this very evening, as soon as it is dark;” he said, “and if they come for us we will not go back.”

“But they may force us to go back,” said Marie.

“They can’t—I know they can’t. Robert says we are not bound by law, and that we may go away, if we please—and Robert knows.”

Robert was the oldest apprentice of Mr. Martin, and had answered the anxious

question which Pierre had put to him, truly.

Without further debate, the children, as soon as night came and they could get away unobserved, tied up their clothes in two stout bundles, and stole away from the house of Mr. Martin. As soon as the Frenchman discovered their absence, he was very angry, and went with threats to the house of the poor widow. But she was unmoved by them, and told him that if the children preferred her house to his, they were very welcome to stay. Finding that both Pierre and his sister, as well as the poor widow, were not to be moved by any thing he said, Mr. Martin went away and left them to themselves.

It was quite time that Marie was removed from the service of her hard mistress. On the second day after she had entered her new home she was taken very ill, the consequence of over-exertion and exposure to cold, and remained sick for a long time. Pierre went out with his organ, and was

able to earn enough to pay the widow the four dollars a week as agreed upon, and a small sum over. But it was very fatiguing for him to carry the organ all over the city and to stand in the hot sun to play; and often, after he had stood before a house and played for some time, he had to pass on without receiving even a penny. Sometimes he was driven off with threatening words, and sometimes rude boys would annoy him sadly; but he was patient and persevering. For Marie's sake he was willing to bear any thing. If for a time he would grow weary and despond of ever earning enough to take them back to their old home, the thought of his sister, whose cheek grew paler and paler, would inspire him to new efforts.

On the day that Mr. Thornton so angrily drove him from before his house, he had met with two or three similar repulses, and when evening came and he returned home to Marie, he was sad and dispirited. On the next day, instead of going about the

streets as heretofore, Pierre left the city and wandered some distance into the country, playing from house to house as he passed along. At almost every place where he stopped he was offered refreshments, besides having a few pennies or a coin of greater value dropped into his hand. So grateful to his spirit was the kindness he received, that he lost the sense of weariness which he experienced, and wandered on farther and farther from the city, meeting with a warmer welcome as the distance increased.

Mr. Thornton, notwithstanding the unfavourable light in which he appears in the beginning of our story, was not a passionate, unfeeling, ill-natured man; but he was often governed by impulse, and easily affected by external circumstances. Two or three things had combined, just at this time, to put him in a bad humour. In the first place, his family had been absent in the country for some weeks with his oldest child, who was an invalid. He could only

visit them twice a week. On his last visit, Caroline was not so well as usual. She was too feeble to sit up. To his earnest inquiries, the physician replied evasively. On this day, the third since he had seen or heard from his family, he had intended going out to visit them, but letters by the morning's mail notified him of the return of two unpaid drafts, and he had to remain in order to get money to lift them. Besides, an old and good customer from the West was in town, and it would be necessary for him to be at the store when he called. These causes, with others, would probably keep him from seeing his family for at least a day or two longer, and made his humour a rather unamiable one, as may be supposed from his language when the organ-boy's music broke suddenly upon his ears.

As early as it was possible for him to leave his business, Mr. Thornton, on this day, mounted his horse and rode at a rapid speed into the country to see his family. His anxiety for Caroline had become very

great. She seemed worse when he last saw her, and his fears were much excited in consequence. An hour's ride brought him to the pleasant farm-house where his family were boarding for the summer. Giving his horse to the servant who met him at the gate, he entered the house and passed into the parlour, but found no one there. The sound of an organ struck upon his ear, but not quite so offensively as on the day before. Stepping to the window that looked out into the pleasant yard in the rear of the house, a scene met his eyes that caused a dimness to come over them. Caroline was sitting in an easy chair, with her mother by her side, a light breaking out from her young face such as he had not seen glowing there for weeks. Two younger children were dancing just before her, and the music that gave life to the whole scene was from the organ of the lad he had driven from his door on the previous day with angry words and menace. Silently he regarded the group before him,

and particularly the delicate, mild, but sad face of the minstrel-boy, whom he saw to be a stranger in a strange land. From his face his eyes turned to that of his sick child, and in his heart he thanked the lad, and felt that music was indeed a blessing.

For a long time Mr. Thornton stood silently gazing on the scene without, his thoughts reverting to what he had done on the previous day and to the feelings he had then entertained. At length he stepped into the yard, and at his appearance the music ceased and the children gathered round him. Caroline smiled sweetly as he took her hand and placed on her cheek a tender kiss.

"How are you, my dear?" he asked.

"I feel better now, father," she replied; "better than I have felt all day."

"What has made you feel better, dear?"

"It is the music, I believe. I have felt so much better since I heard it."

While Mr. Thornton was talking to Caroline, the lad, who was no other than

Pierre, lifted his organ and walked hastily away. He had recognised Mr. Thornton as the man who had spoken threateningly to him on the day before, and he was going off in alarm as fast he could.

Seeing this, and guessing at the cause, Mr. Thornton called after Pierre; but the boy only retreated the more rapidly. He could not understand what was said to him, but believed that the man who had driven him away the day before was angry at seeing him there. Finding that he still retreated, Mr. Thornton started after him, and, on overtaking him, laid hold of his arm, and when the boy looked up fearfully in his face, he smiled so kindly upon him that tears came into his eyes. Then placing a dollar in his hand, he motioned him to return. The lad went back gladly.

“Now, Thomas,” said Mr. Thornton to his oldest son, who was about twelve years of age, “you must try your French upon this organ-boy, and see if you cannot get

something of his history. I am sure it must be interesting."

All gathered around Pierre, while Thomas spoke to him in French. At the first word uttered in his native language, the lad's face brightened as if a gleam of sunshine had gone over it. With earnestness he related his history, which at short intervals was interpreted to the eager listeners by Thomas. When the lad spoke of Marie, his eye wandered off with a sad expression to the face of Caroline. She, too, was a pale child of Sickness, and the tremulousness of his voice told that his love was full of anxious fear.

Deeply was the heart of Mr. Thornton touched by the lad's story. "How little," he said to himself, "do we know of the hopes and fears, the cares and peculiar anxieties of those around us! How quick are we to take offence where none is meant, and to find fault where there is no real occasion! It hardly seems possible that I could have been angry with this poor boy.'

Mr. Thornton kindly inquired of Pierre where he lived, and when the lad finally went away, with a heavier purse and a lighter heart than he had owned for many days, he promised that he would call and see him and do something toward aiding him in his earnest wish to return to his home in France.

Mr. Thornton was as good as his word. In a few days he went to see Pierre and his sister. In Marie he felt even more interest than in the boy. Thomas, his eldest son, was with him; and when he informed Maria that his father would send them home in a ship that was about sailing for Havre, the little girl sank down in tears beside him, and clasping his knees, invoked the blessing of Heaven upon him.

In a week, Mr. Thornton had the pleasure of seeing them on shipboard—a light in Marie's eye and a flush of returning health on her cheek—and of receiving their ardently expressed thanks for his kindness.

It need hardly be said that the merchant felt happier by far than on the day he drove from his door, with angry words, the poor organ-boy.

WHAT WAS GAINED?

TWO men who were friends, engaged to do a piece of work, and to share, equally, the sum of money earned. One of them was named Henry Williams and the other Edwin Jones. When the work was completed, Jones went to the employer for a settlement. The amount paid to him was thirty-three dollars, for which he gave a receipt in his own name and also in that of his friend, for whom he had been authorized to act. Now, Jones was rather selfish in his feelings. As he turned his steps homeward, he talked thus within himself—

“We ought to have had more for that



DANGEROUS COMPANY.

job. I was sure of getting thirty-five or forty dollars for it. Sixteen dollars and a half! I earned twenty, every cent of it, myself. Williams is rather slow, sometimes. I'm sure he didn't do near so much as I did. In all justice, I am entitled to the largest dividend."

Thus he went on communing with himself, until he finally determined to keep eighteen dollars and give his friend only fifteen. But, as the agreement looked to an equal division, he must, of course, conceal the real amount received. In other words, he must say what was untrue. How naturally does one wrong lead to another!

Jones had a good deal of debate with himself; and felt some shame at the purpose which was in his mind. But his cupidity overmastered him. So, when he met his friend and fellow-workman, Williams, he gave him only fifteen dollars, saying that it was the half of what he had received. Williams expressed some surprise at the smallness of the sum, but

showed not the least suspicion of unfair play, for he suspected none from Edwin Jones.

So, Jones was a gainer in the little operation of one dollar and a half. But this sum, unjustly acquired, was no sooner in his possession than it proved, instead of a blessing, a curse; for, in place of that satisfaction which he had looked for, a sense of shame oppressed him. It was his custom to call around, almost nightly, at the house of Williams, and spend the evening with him, in reading or pleasant conversation. On this occasion, tea being over, he strolled forth, but did not take his way as usual to the house of his friend. He had wronged, and did not wish to meet him, or feel the stinging rebuke of his welcome smile. So he wandered about the streets, aimlessly, and at last, hoping to get, as it were, away from himself, opened the door of a refectory, and walked in among its idle, and, in too many cases, vicious inmates. The next thing was to call for oysters and

brandy. With these he regaled himself, and by the time both were consumed, he felt much better. An old acquaintance now espied him.

“Ah! how are you, Jones? How are you? I am really glad to see you again. Where in the world have you been hiding yourself?”

And the man grasped his hand and shook it with much cordiality.

Jones returned the greeting warmly. A fresh supply of liquor was ordered, and the two men drank together in token of friendly feelings. How truly they were friends may be inferred from the fact that, in a very little while, they were playing at dominos, each trying with all his skill to win the other's money! The old acquaintance of Jones proved the most skilful player. When the two men separated at eleven o'clock that night, Jones had not only lost the dollar and a half unjustly obtained from his true friend, Williams, but also nearly five dollars besides.

Unhappy man! That one false step—how far from the path of safety and peace had it already led him! The moment we turn ourselves away from what is good, that moment are we in danger—for that moment do we remove ourselves from the protecting sphere of Heaven.

How wretched was Edwin Jones as he walked forth from that haunt of sensualism and evil passion! The cool night-air that pressed against his burning temples, allayed not their feverish heat. Ah! what would he not have given for the innocence he had abandoned? What would he not have given for the power to act over again a few brief scenes in the past? One dollar and a half he had gained, yet how fearfully had he lost through that gain! Honour, honesty, peace of mind were all gone—and, beyond this—though really least to be considered—he had lost, for a poor man, a large sum of money. He was as the foolish dog and the shadow. What was gained? Oh, mocking question!

The "small hours of the morning" were passed by Jones in sleeplessness and self-upbraidings. A heavy slumber followed—long after sunrise he awoke, unrefreshed, and suffering from the keenest sense of shame. In justification of the wrong done to Williams, he now tried to find a self-sustaining argument. The sum was but a trifle—he said to himself—a trifle at best; and he was very sure that he had done much the larger share of the work, and, in justice, was entitled to even a greater proportion of pay than he had taken. This failed to satisfy him, however. The voice of conscience could not be hushed; and that accused him of both dishonesty and falsehood. Poor man! how much had he sacrificed for a paltry gain; and the gain had been like a snowflake in the sunshine.

To meet Williams was a severe trial to Edwin Jones; and it was with some difficulty that he dragged himself to the shop where they daily worked together. How his eyes drooped beneath those of the friend

he had meanly injured; and how stammeringly and unsatisfactorily he answered the earnest question—

“Where were you last night, Edwin? Mary and I had prepared a little treat for you; we were so disappointed. Were you not well?”

How evil acts lead into temptation!

“I was not very well, and stayed at home,” replied Jones, after partly giving some other reason, and then hesitating, with a confused, averted look. Another falsehood!

“You don’t look well. I am sorry,” replied Williams, puzzled at the unusual appearance and manner of Jones; yet, in his entire freedom from suspicion, crediting the story of indisposition.

With how little heart did Jones go to work. How great a pressure was on his feelings. Several times, during the morning, as his thoughts brooded over the loss sustained on the previous evening, he let his hands fall idly by his side, while the

purpose to leave his work, go to the drinking-house and seek to win back his money again, was forming itself in his mind.

“I’ll make one more trial,” said he at length, speaking to himself. “Fortune, I am sure, will favour me.”

At this moment, the door of the shop where he was at work opened, and a little girl, the child of Williams, came in. She was a pleasant, good-tempered child, and attracted almost every one. Jones had always liked her—in fact, he often called her his little favourite.

“Any thing wanted, Anna?” said Mr. Williams kindly.

“Mother says,” replied the child, “that my shoes are not good enough to wear this evening, and she says, won’t you let me get a new pair?”

Williams let his eyes fall to the floor, and stood silent for some moments. A sigh passed his lips. He then said—

“I’ll think about it, dear.”

“But won’t you get them, father?” re-

turned the child, a look of disappointment coming instantly into her face.

“I’m afraid not, dear. But, don’t let it make you unhappy. I’ll talk to mother when I come home at dinner-time. If we can spare the money just now, you shall have the shoes.”

How the child’s disappointed tones smote upon the heart of Edwin Jones! How her sad face rebuked him!

After Anna had left, Williams said to Jones—

“It hurts me to disappoint the child; and yet I don’t see how the money is to be spared just now. I have already paid away ten dollars of the sum received yesterday; and to take out of what remains a dollar and a half for a pair of shoes, in order that Anna may go to the birthday party of one of her schoolmates, will be to draw too heavily on the little store. I calculated on at least sixteen dollars and a half; but Jackson is a hard man to deal with—always cutting down poor workmen whenever

he can get a chance to do so. The disappointment has made me feel poor."

Jones made no answer, and Williams said nothing further. A new train of ideas having been excited by the incident of the child's appearance, the former thought no more of leaving his work for the drinking-house, there to win back, if possible, the money lost on the previous evening. No one need envy him the feelings that agitated his bosom. Here was the fruit of his injustice—and the taste was bitter; bitter to the palate of an innocent child.

"Who makes your children's shoes?" asked Jones, with affected indifference, as he was putting on his coat to leave the shop at dinner-time.

"Peterman," was replied.

"Do you like his work?" asked Jones.

"Yes. It is very good."

"McLean is an excellent workman."

This was said by Jones to turn the thought of Williams from what was in his mind.

Even before Williams reached his dwelling, a pair of shoes had been conveyed there for Anna. Sad at the thought of meeting his disappointed child, the father entered his home.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Anna, holding up her new shoes, "I am so glad you bought them for me. You are a good father?" And the child kissed him tenderly.

We leave Mr. Williams to offer the best explanation of the matter in his power, and turn briefly to Jones. Though his heart felt lighter for having bought Anna a pair of shoes, thus making restitution, he was far from being at ease in his mind.

What had he gained by his selfishness and dishonesty? Rather say, what had he lost? Ah! it is hard to make that calculation. Even his very soul had been brought into great peril; and all to gain the trifling sum of one dollar and a half, that passed from his hands almost as soon as gained.

Shame, fear, and disappointment com-

ained to produce a feeling of wretchedness. "What," he asked himself, "if Williams should find out the real sum received from Jackson?"

A cold shudder ran along his nerves at the thought. Miserable man that he was! and all in consequence of yielding to a single temptation. Small causes often produce important effects, whether for good or for evil. A single wrong step may lead to untold wretchedness.

Glad are we to say that Edwin Jones did not, when night came again, turn his steps to the haunt of vice where he had spent the previous evening. From suffering he had grown wiser. Ah! what would he not have given could he have lived over the past two days again? That, however, was impossible. A sad record had been made in his Book of Life, and though he might repent deeply and tearfully, the record would still remain, to trouble him like a haunting spirit, whenever the fingers of memory turned the closely written leaves.

Months went by ere Edwin Jones could think of that single wrong act, without a sense of fear lest it should, through some accident, become known to his friend. This, however, did not happen. Williams never knew that his friend had deceived him; and it was better that he remained ignorant.

Nothing is ever gained by wrong-doing. There may seem, in many cases, to be a gain; but the real loss will ever overbalance it fearfully.

THE ELDER SISTER.

“FLORENCE, dear,” said Adèle Morton, as her young sister came bounding in from school, “I have a letter from father.”

“Oh! have you?” exclaimed the little girl, clapping her hands together, while a light came into her face.

“Yes, I received it this morning. He is in London, and talks about coming home by the next steamship.”

“Oh, I’m so glad!” cried the child. “Won’t you read it to me, sister?”

“Yes, dear.” Adèle took from a drawer the letter, and with one arm around Florence, read to the happy child the tender words that were written for both.

"In less than a month he will be here," said Adélé, as she folded the letter.

"In so short a time? And yet it will seem so long," returned the little girl.

"It always seems long for an expected good to arrive," said Adélé; "and as this is the greatest good we can at present desire, even a few weeks will appear a very long period. But time keeps ever moving on. The moments steadily come and go, whether we are awake or asleep. Quicker than we think for now, the days and weeks will pass away."

"How glad I will be!" murmured the child, speaking half to herself.

It was six months since Mr. Morton went abroad on business. He had two children, Adélé, in her twentieth year, and Florence, just eleven years old. The mother died when Florence was a babe, and since that time, Adélé had been to her more than a sister. The affection existing between them was of the tenderest kind. Mr. Morton was the senior partner in an extensive im-

porting-house, and frequently went abroad on business connected with the firm. On the present occasion, he had remained longer than usual. Since the death of his wife, or rather, a portion of the time since the death of his wife, Adelé had taken entire charge of his household, as there was no female relative to come in and assume that responsible position. This circumstance tended to mature and strengthen her character, and to give her higher views of life than are usually entertained by young ladies moving in the same social circle.

Hopefully did the sisters await the next arrival from abroad. Two weeks elapsed, and another steamship came in. It brought not their father, but the painful intelligence that he was seriously ill. In trembling anxiety another fortnight went by, and then came the heart-breaking news that the illness had terminated in death. Almost immediately on the reception of this information, the firm of which Mr. Morton had been the senior member, sus-

pendent payments, and in the closing up of its affairs, proved utterly insolvent. No provision for the sisters was made, and ere the drooping lids of Adelé were raised from her wet cheeks, she became aware of the fact that she and Florence were to be thrown upon the world, penniless and alone.

For a short period, her mind sank almost nerveless under the sudden shock. An event like this had never come within the range of her anticipations, as her eyes glanced along the coming future; and she was altogether unprepared to meet it. But, care for her sister first lifted her heart from its deep prostration. There was no one to whom Florence could look but to herself. She must not only be her guardian and friend, but her protector and supporter.

It is painful to see the suddenness with which friends sometimes recede, when misfortune comes. In this case the desertion was complete. About the character of Adelé there was something that rather repulsed than attracted the more frivolous of

those with whom she was thrown into association; and it was not surprising that all of this class who were numbered among her acquaintances should at once turn away when a change of fortune came.

From the wreck of her father's crushed estate, only a few hundred dollars remained in the possession of Adelé when she went forth from the old homestead, friendless and almost a stranger in the city of her birth. But though stricken, her heart was not palsied. Love made it strong to endure; and care for Florence, that she should not feel too severely the change, caused her half to forget her own suffering.

Perhaps the severest trial this sad change brought for the heart of Adelé, was the turning away from her of one whose attentions had awakened something more than a feeling of friendship. The loss of fashionable friends was not the cause of much regret; but the continued absence of one who had approached her seemingly as a lover, touched her heart with exquisite

pain When a great reverse, mingled with affliction, comes suddenly, the mind sinks under the shock and lies for a time weak and powerless. Then there is a feeble reaction. If there be native strength of character, this reaction is the beginning of a new development. Whatever be the relations to the world, that have now to be assumed, strength equal to the day comes. So it was with Adélé. As the elder sister, she saw that entirely new duties awaited her; and in preparing to enter upon these, she was sustained under the pressure of severe affliction. Indeed, in her unselfish concern for Florence, something that approached to a cheerfulness of temper took possession of her mind.

While yet undetermined as to her exact course in the future, Adélé received, from a relative of her father, residing at the West, a letter, in which a home was offered to Florence.

“She will be a heavy care for you, under your changed circumstances,” said the let-

ter; "and, as we can make a place for her in our family, without being crowded, we have concluded to offer her a home. We will care for her, and educate her as one of our own children. Relieved from this burden, you will be yourself less embarrassed."

When a part of this was read to Florence, she threw herself in tears upon the bosom of Adélé and sobbed.

"Do not send me away, sister! Oh! do not send me away!"

"No, Florence, no!" said Adélé with much feeling, drawing her arm tightly around her sister, "you shall not leave me."

Without hesitation or debate, Adélé wrote an answer to the letter, in which she expressed both her own and her sister's warmest thanks for the offered home, but declined accepting it, as it was the wish of both not to be separated.

Even if Florence had felt inclined to go, Adélé's unselfish love for her sister would

not have permitted the separation. She well knew that no one living could so well care for and seek her good; for no one knew or loved her so well.

The prompt decision of the question of separation turned Adelé's thoughts more earnestly upon the means whereby a support for herself and Florence was to be obtained. This could only come through the exercise of some ability to serve others. Unable to decide upon any certain course, and seeing no avenue for her feet to walk in, Adelé ventured to call upon a lady, for whose judgment she had always entertained a high respect, and ask her advice. This lady's name was Marion. She was received with a kindness that was grateful to her feelings. When Adelé mentioned the purpose of her visit, Mrs. Marion's first inquiry was—

“What can you do?”

“My education is good,” replied Adelé.
“I can teach many things.”

“Music?”

“Yes; I believe myself competent to give instructions in music.”

“What is your knowledge of the modern languages?”

“I was two years in a French school, and speak the language, I am told, with much accuracy.”

“Are you at all familiar with Spanish and Italian?”

“I have studied both.”

“There is a lady here from Charleston,” said Mrs. Marion, “who is desirous of procuring a governess for her three daughters. She asked me, yesterday, if I knew of any one qualified to take charge of them. If you are willing to go, she need look no further. She says that the salary will be six hundred dollars.”

Adelé did not receive this intelligence with so warm an exhibition of pleasure as Mrs. Marion had expected.

“I could not accept such an offer, however advantageous it might be to myself,”

said Adélé, "unless a home in the same family were provided for Florence."

"That is rather more than you can expect," replied Mrs. Marion, a little coldly.

"Perhaps it is," said Adélé, with a slight expression of sadness in her tone. "But I will forego all personal advantages for the sake of my sister. She is at an age when she most needs my care; we cannot be separated."

"You might see the lady," remarked Mrs. Marion. "She is at the American Hotel, in Broadway. If you wish to do so, I will give you a note of introduction."

There was an air of indifference in the way this was said that hurt Adélé, but she stifled her feelings, and said that she would be glad of such a note, and would call and see the person forthwith.

"I would like to know the result," said Mrs. Marion, as she handed what she had written to Adélé. "Will you call again after you have seen her?"

Adélé promised to do so. On present-

ing her note of introduction to the lady, she was received with much kindness. Both were favourably impressed.

“Mrs. Marion speaks highly of both your ability and family connections,” said the lady; “and if first impressions are any guide, I think I may say that you will suit me in every respect.”

Many questions were then asked, the replies to which were received by the lady with much apparent satisfaction.

“I have an only sister,” said Adelé, her voice slightly trembling as she referred to a subject so near her heart. “We lost our mother when she was but a babe. Since then, I have been to her more a mother than a sister. We have never been separated a day, and we cannot be separated now.”

A change was instantly visible in the lady’s face.

“How old is your sister?” she inquired.

“In her twelfth year.”

The lady shook her head.

Adelé arose and said, as she half turned away, "I will forego any advantage to myself, rather than be separated from my sister at her tender age."

"I am sorry," remarked the lady. "I think you would have suited me in all respects. But I would not like to take into my family a strange young girl, nearly of the same age with my own children."

"I feared as much," said Adelé. "But unless my sister goes with me, I must remain here."

"I cannot but honour your devoted affection," returned the lady, touched by the manner as well as the words of Adelé; "and I sincerely hope you will never be compelled to part with the sister you so tenderly love."

Adelé thanked her for the kind sentiment and withdrew.

"Well, Adelé," said Mrs. Marion, as the young lady entered the room where she sat; "have you made the arrangement?"

Adelé shook her head.

“Why not?” asked Mrs. Marion.

“The objection was to Florence.”

“I looked for nothing else. But you certainly did not decline so good an offer on that ground?”

“Had the salary been doubled I would have refused it,” said Adélé with firmness; “and upon that ground alone.”

“I think you are very foolish,” remarked Mrs. Marion, evincing by her manner that she was annoyed at the young lady’s firmness.

Adélé sat for some moments without replying. She then said—

“I would like best the place of teacher in some good school in the city.”

“Such places are not easily obtained,” said Mrs. Marion coldly. “I doubt very much whether you will find such a vacancy in New York, if you wait for it a twelve-month.”

Adélé sighed.

“If you should hear of such a place, I would be glad to know of it.” As Adélé

said this, she arose, and, drawing her shawl around her, turned toward the door.

“I will let you know, certainly,” replied Mrs. Marion. But there was indifference in her tones, and they failed to inspire any confidence in the heart of Adelé, who thanked her for the interest she had already manifested, and retired.

Mrs. Marion had a daughter named Fanny, about the age of Adelé, who was present at this interview. She had been, previously to the death of Mr. Morton, on terms of pleasant intercourse with Adelé. But now she looked at her coldly, and bowed with a reserved and distant politeness, as the poor girl entered and retired.

“She’ll have to give up that foolish notion,” said Mrs. Marion, as Adelé left the room.

“I don’t see how she can expect anybody to take her sister as well as herself. I’m sure we wouldn’t be willing to do so, if we employed a governess,” remarked the young lady.

“No, indeed! Her own good sense ought to teach her better.”

Just then the door-bell rang, and the conversation ceased.

“Mr. Edgar is in the parlour,” said a servant, entering the apartment soon after.

“He has called for me to ride with him,” remarked Miss Marion as she arose. “Tell him,” addressing the servant, “that I will be down in a few minutes.”

This Mr. Edgar was the young man referred to, as having been, previous to the reverse suffered by Adélé Morton, so attentive as to awaken in her heart tenderer feelings than those of friendship. He had not meant to awaken such feelings; for, though always pleased with her society, he had never sought to win her affections.

“Was not that Adélé Morton whom I saw leaving your house as I drove up?” said Edgar to Miss Marion, after they were beyond the noise of the city.

Fanny replied that it was.

“It is the first time I have seen her since

her father's death," remarked Edgar. "Was there any thing left after the settlement of his estate?"

"I presume not," said Fanny, "for she is anxious to get a place as teacher, somewhere."

"Indeed! Is she reduced so low as that?" The young man spoke in a tone of sympathy.

"Yes," replied Fanny. "She called to ask mother if she would not interest herself for her. And mother did find her an excellent place; but Adélé would not accept of it."

"Why not?"

"It was the situation of governess in the family of a wealthy Southern lady. Adélé wanted to take her sister with her; but the lady would not, of course, consent to that arrangement. And so Adélé refused to accept the liberal offer that was made."

"Because she was unwilling to be sepa-

rated from her younger sister?" said Mr. Edgar.

"Yes; that was her only reason. She thinks she can get a place as teacher in some school here, and thus be able to keep Florence with her. But mother told her very plainly that she might wait for a year and not find a vacancy."

The young man made no reply to this, nor remarked any thing further on the subject. But it was far from passing from his mind. He was not pleased at the indifference manifested by his companion in a case that had so much about it to awaken sympathy. There was an air of dejection in the whole manner of Adelé, as she left the house of Mrs. Marion that morning, that Edgar did not fail to observe. It had fixed itself in his memory, and touched his feelings whenever he glanced at the image.

"If so true-hearted as a sister," were the thoughts that came into the mind of the young man, as he sat alone that evening thinking of Adelé, "will she not be even

truer-hearted as a wife? With such a companion, a man need not tremble when reverses look him in the face."

That was the beginning of an interest in the now friendless girl, that found a daily increase. Edgar had an aunt in whose judgment, discretion, and genuine kindness of feeling he could fully confide. To her he mentioned what he had heard, and asked her to see Adélé and confer with her about her future prospects. This was done; and at the suggestion of Edgar, various efforts were made to induce her to separate herself from her sister, in order to secure some personal advantage. But Adélé never yielded to them a moment. Already she was beginning to occupy herself in embroidery and fine needlework, as a means of earning something; and when this was objected to as likely to make inroads upon her health, she replied, that if the good of her sister required the sacrifice of even health, it would be made cheerfully.

"Noble girl!" said Edgar, when this was

told him by his aunt. "Such unselfish love is a treasure not easily found in this world. She shall have a home both for herself and her sister, if she will accept one at my hands."

"Who do you think I saw in Broadway this morning?" said Fanny Marion to her mother, about two months after this time. She spoke with a mingled expression of disappointment and surprise.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Marion indifferently.

"Mr. Edgar and Adélé Morton."

"Not together?"

"Yes; and talking and looking at each other so earnestly that neither of them saw me, though I met them face to face."

"That is strange!"

"I don't understand it."

"Have you heard the news?" said Mr. Marion, coming in just at this time.

"What is it?"

"Mr. Edgar is to be married next week.

But to whom? I don't think you would guess in an hour."

"To Adèle Morton?" said Mrs. Marion.

"Yes. But why should you think of her?"

"Fanny met them in Broadway this morning."

"Oh!"

"Its the strangest thing I ever heard! What will happen next?"

"People say," remarked Mr. Marion, "that he has shown his good sense."

"Good sense!" exclaimed the mother of Fanny. "But what in the world induced him to offer himself?"

"He heard of her unselfish love for her younger sister, the exercise of which you condemned so much, and said to himself, like a sensible man, 'If so true-hearted as a sister, will she not be more so as a wife?' Here you have the whole story."

Mrs. Marion and Fanny remained silent. They felt rebuked for the want of sympathy which both had manifested toward the

noble-minded girl who was about receiving her reward. When Adelé came back, as the honoured wife of Mr. Edgar, into the circle from which misfortune had banished her for a short period, Mrs. Marion and her daughter were as prompt to welcome her as any; but they never felt happy in her presence. How could they? The virtue of which they had thought lightly—for which they had condemned her in misfortune—had proved the means of her elevation; and, for this reason, they could not see her without an unpleasant reaction, that was felt as a rebuke.

THE VILLAGE DOCTORS.

“**H**UMPH! so we are to have another physician here,” said Doctor Sinus, a self-important son of Esculapius, to a brother in the healing art, who lived in a town of some six thousand inhabitants, not a hundred miles from New York.

“Indeed! And who may he be, pray?” responded the individual addressed, shuffling in his chair uneasily.

“Some green one, just from college, I suppose,” was the answer.

“Well, there’s no room for him here, that’s certain! Our town doesn’t yield those of us who have been in it for half of our lifetimes, any thing like a decent living.”



THE FROG-LECTURE.

“That it does not, Doctor Clavicle. And we must take measures to keep him out. If any more are allowed to come here, we shall be totally ruined.”

“Have you seen Doctor Deltoid about the matter?”

“No.”

“Well, doctor, I think we had better see him at once, and talk this matter over.”

“*You* can see him,” Doctor Sinus replied. “But he and I are not on the very best terms, just now.”

“Why, I never heard any thing of that before, doctor. What is the matter?”

“It is something that I didn’t intend speaking about. But now that its come up, I will mention it to you. The fact is, he has violated professional courtesy.”

“Indeed!” ejaculated Doctor Clavicle, looking ten times graver than before.

“It is true, sir.” And the voice of Doctor Sinus sank to a deep, important whisper. “You know that I have been the family physician of Mrs. Goodpay, for the

last ten years. Well—about two months ago, having occasion to call in a consulting physician, I sent for him. He came, of course, and attended with me for about a week, but didn't suggest a single remedy that could have been administered with safety. After Mrs. Goodpay became convalescent, he continued his visits, not professionally, but in a *friendly* way!"

"Is it possible!"

"It is true, Doctor Clavicle."

"That was ungentlemanly, indeed!"

"And that isn't all," pursued Doctor Sinus warmly; "he has contrived to work himself, somehow or other, into her good graces, so as to get regularly employed as her physician."

"Too bad!" ejaculated Doctor Clavicle.

"Isn't it! Its the most outrageous breach of professional etiquette that has ever occurred in this town; and I, for one, am determined to set my face against it."

"But wouldn't it be well for us, now that this young whipper-snapper doctor is about

squatting here, to look over Doctor Deltoid's outrageous conduct, at least for a time, and all join to put him down at once?"

"I don't know," (musingly.) "Perhaps it would be as well. But then I can't see how I shall be able to treat Deltoid with any kind of civility."

"Oh, you can do it, I know."

"Well, I will try."

"Then suppose we call over now, and see him?"

Doctor Sinus consented; and the two turned their steps toward the office of the individual they had named.

"How do you do, gentlemen? How do you do?" said Doctor Deltoid, smiling, and extending his hand, as his two brother physicians entered. "I am really glad to see you."

Doctor Sinus took the proffered hand, and shook it quite heartily. An observer would have never imagined that he had other than the kindest feelings toward his rival practitioner.

"We have dropped in to have a talk with you," said Doctor Clavicle, after they were all seated, "about this young fellow who is going to settle in our place. It's our opinion that he ought not to be encouraged, but discountenanced in every way. What business has *he* to come in here, and interfere with our practice?"

"Very true, doctor," replied Deltoid. "Let him go off to the South or West, where there is room enough to make a practice without interfering with regular physicians."

"Who is he, anyhow?" asked Doctor Sinus.

"His name is Costal," replied Doctor Deltoid. "He is said to be from New York. One of the last batch of M. D.'s, I suppose."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I met him yesterday—and he tried to be very sociable. But I was cool enough, I can assure you. I have no idea of encouraging these interlopers. Doesn't

he know that there is not enough practice for the physicians that are already here? Of course he does. And of course he expects, if he gets any practice at all, to take it from us."

At this stage of the conversation, a fourth physician came in, for the town could boast of four doctors.

"Ah, Doctor Lavator, I am glad to see you!" said Deltoid, as the person he addressed entered. "We were just talking about this Doctor Costal, who, it is said, is about settling here."

"Rumour tells truly," said the new-comer, "for as I came along just now, I saw his sign on the window of one of those beautiful offices on Main street."

"It aint possible!" ejaculated the three physicians at once, with looks of astonishment and chagrin.

"It is too true, gentlemen. But then, when I come to think of it, I don't know that we need care about it. He is a young man, and a stranger, and all we have to do

is to discountenance him in every way. If we pursue this course, he will soon break down. He can't stand it."

"I, for one, shall not countenance him," said Doctor Clavicle.

"Nor I," said Doctor Sinus emphatically.

"Nor I," responded Doctor Deltoid.

"And of course I shall not," Doctor Lavator said in a decided tone.

It was, perhaps, about a month previous to the time when the above conversation took place, that a man sat near the window of a house in New York city, conversing with a young woman who seemed to be his wife. He had a fine, intelligent countenance; and her face was fair, yet thoughtful. A moment's observation told that a shadow was on their path.

"I am really discouraged, Mary," said the young man, in reply to a remark which she had made. "Here I have been for three months, and yet have had only about a dozen calls, and they were of no consequence. Our money will not hold out for

six months longer; and there is, certainly, no prospect that, in so short a time, I shall have practice enough to meet half of our expenses. I really feel discouraged."

"But some thing will turn up in our favour, Henry—I am sure it will," answered his young wife, looking up into his face affectionately. "We may be tried severely, but I feel a strong confidence that all will come out well. Very few young physicians can get into a practice at once."

"I wish I could feel as confident, Mary. But every thing looks so gloomy, that I am well nigh discouraged. If I were making our expenses, moderate as they are, I would be satisfied. But to see our little all wasting away, hour after hour, and no further supply in prospect, disheartens me."

"You talked, before we came here," said his wife, after a pause, "of going to some country town, where our expenses would be small, and trying to make a practice there. Is not the plan still worth pursuing?"

“I am afraid, Mary, that it will be my only course. But I shrink from burying myself in that way. I feel that my true sphere is a large city like this, where a high degree of eminence is to be attained. I am not afraid to enter the arena, in a strife for eminence and excellence; but I long—in vain, I fear—for a chance of becoming a combatant. I am young and a stranger, and have not the means that will enable me to wait until I can make myself known. But I must lay aside ambition, and devote myself to humbler, and, perhaps, more satisfying pursuits.”

His wife did not reply, and both sat in thoughtful silence for many minutes.

“I believe you are right, Mary,” he at length said, in a calmer tone. “We will leave New York, at least for a time; and perhaps a way will open, in a few years, for me to return.”

“Where would you go, Henry?” his wife asked.

“When I was thinking of this matter

before," he replied, "I thought of many places, but none seemed to promise as well as M——, in New Jersey. There are four physicians there now, it is true. But then, they are fifty years behind the science. I could soon give evidence enough of superior medical knowledge, to insure a comfortable living, if no more, even if they combined to put me down, a result that may occur.—For old physicians, who have neglected to advance with the improvements in medical science, are, too often, jealous of, and unkind toward younger ones, who are fully furnished with the latest theories and discoveries. They set their twenty and thirty years' experience at the bedside of their patients, against all the 'new fangled notions of the schools,' as they call them, and sweep aside, or at least endeavour to do so, every young man who comes in their way. It is true, that there are many, indeed very many, honourable exceptions. But the four physicians of M——, are not among the number. Therefore, if we go there, I

shall have, I doubt not, to encounter this kind of unpleasant opposition. I do not fear it, of course, but I had much rather avoid it."

It was soon determined by Doctor Costal, for that was the young man's name, to remove with his family to M——, and endeavour to make a practice there. In a few weeks all the arrangements for leaving New York were made, and the young couple settled themselves down quietly in a pleasant little dwelling in that village. This fact, of course, soon became noised through the town, and buzzed about the ears of its four doctors, with a sound almost as unpleasant as the hum of a dozen wasps. How they were affected by it has been already partially shown.

On the same day that Doctor Costal opened his office, an elderly gentleman, with a mild, benevolent countenance, stepped in, and said, after he was seated, and had exchanged the civilities of the day—

"Doctor, there is a case of disease in my

family, that has, thus far, baffled the skill of all our physicians. I don't know that you can do any good—still, I feel bound to call you in, under a feeble hope that you may be able to do something. I have but one child—a daughter, now just twenty years of age—and her disease is the same that, many years ago, carried her mother to an early grave—consumption. There is no cure for it, I know—but it seems to me that some relief might be afforded, and her life prolonged for years, even if she at length sank under its influence.”

“How is she affected?” the young physician asked.

“She has a violent cough, which lasts through the fore part of the night, with free expectoration—has weakening night-sweats—and is wasting away rapidly.”

“The symptoms are certainly alarming,” remarked Doctor Costal gravely.

“But do you not think, doctor, that something might be done for her?” inquired the father in an anxious tone.

"She might be relieved, sir; but, I fear, not cured."

"I do not expect that, doctor—but I certainly think that she ought to be relieved."

"And can be, doubtless," was the confident reply.

"Will you undertake her case, then?"

"Is there a physician now in attendance?" asked Doctor Costal.

"Oh yes. Two are in regular attendance. Doctors Sinus and Clavicle—but they do not give her any relief."

"If it is your wish, then, that I should be called in, in conjunction with them, and they are willing to attend with me, I shall be glad to see your daughter—and I think that I may relieve her, but I cannot say certainly."

"Attend with you!" said the old man, in a tone of surprise. "Of course they will attend with you! Why did you seem to think that they would not?"

"I have no particular reason for thinking so. I only put in a qualifying clause."

“Well, I will see them to-day; and then I will call and let you know at what hour to meet them at my house.”

“Very well, sir; I shall be ready to attend.”

The old man went directly from the office of Doctor Costal to that of Doctor Sinus.

“How do you do, Mr. Allenson?” said Doctor Sinus, as he entered. “How is Florence to-day?”

“She is no better, doctor. Her cough was exceedingly troublesome last night, and she is very feeble to-day in consequence.”

“I will call around, Mr. Allenson, and see if that cough cannot be relieved—though I must say, as I have said before, that I have little hope of allaying it.”

“Yes, doctor, I should like both you and Doctor Clavicle to see her this afternoon in company with Doctor Costal.”

“With Doctor Costal!” ejaculated Doctor Sinus, in tones of surprise, rising at the same time, unconsciously, to his feet.

“Certainly, doctor. And why not?” Mr. Allenson asked.

“See your daughter with Doctor Costal! A mere adventurer! Some student, green from college, without a particle of real, solid medical experience. Oh no, sir, I cannot do that.”

“You certainly are not in earnest, doctor?” said his visitor, in a calm, but serious tone.

“Certainly I am. And I must say, that I am surprised that you should think of calling in this unknown interloper.”

“Have you visited and conversed with him?” asked Mr. Allenson.

“No, of course not.”

“Then how do you know any thing about his medical knowledge?”

“From a very natural inference. What correct knowledge of diseases and remedies, as they really exist and have relation to each other, can a young fellow just from college have? But little of course! And here you wish to bring him in to instruct

us, who have been practising physicians for the past twenty or thirty years. No, no, I cannot submit to it."

"Will you be kind enough to see Doctor Clavicle," said Mr. Allenson in a quiet tone, "and ask him if he will visit my daughter in company with Doctor Costal, to-day at four o'clock. I should be glad if you would come also; but you must use your pleasure."

"Of course I cannot come; nor do I believe that Doctor Clavicle will. Indeed, I am sure that he will not."

"You and he will have to use your pleasure then, doctor. I shall invite Doctor Costal to meet you at my house at four, and I sincerely hope that you will come."

Mr. Allenson then rose, and bowing withdrew.

"Would you believe it, doctor!" exclaimed Sinus, in tones of surprise and chagrin, entering, about ten minutes afterward, the office of Doctor Clavicle—"old Allenson wants us to hold a consultation with this Doctor Costal in the case of his daughter."

"It isn't possible!" was the surprised and indignant response.

"It is true. He has just been at my office, where he mentioned his wish."

"And what did you tell him?"

"That I would not consult with Doctor Costal."

"Of course not! Nor will I."

"So I told him."

"Well?"

"He said that he should ask that young fellow to meet us at his house at four o'clock, and wished me to call and mention the subject to you."

"And you have mentioned it."

"Yes."

"And there it will rest. I shall not go a step, that is certain."

"Nor I."

"Ha! ha! It makes me laugh to think how quickly he'll send that girl to her journey's end, if he undertakes her case alone, which I suppose he will do of course."

“Oh, of course; and he’ll make a finish of her in double quick time.”

“Well, no matter. If he loses her, it will be all over with him; and I am as certain that he will, as that I am sitting here. Anyhow, she cannot live over a few months, let who will attend her.”

At four o’clock, punctually, Doctor Costal repaired to the residence of Mr. Allenson, but no other physician came. He felt pained, and in some doubt what course to pursue, when he became fully aware that two of the principal physicians of the place had declined to see a patient with him.

“You feel sure that they will not come?” said he, half an hour after the appointed time, in reply to a remark made by Mr. Allenson.

“Oh, of course. I have not expected them since Doctor Sinus’s positive declaration that he would not consult with you.”

“He refused, then, did he?” and the colour rose instantly to the face of Doctor Costal.

“To speak plainly, doctor, he did.”

“I cannot but regret such unfriendly, unprofessional conduct,” said Doctor Costal, rising and taking his hat; “but as I am a stranger, I must submit to it in silence.”

“But you are not going, doctor?” said Mr. Allenson in surprise.

“Certainly, sir; I am only here to consult with your regular physicians. As they do not appear, of course, I have no business to remain.”

“But I wish you to examine and prescribe for the case, nevertheless.”

“I cannot do that, sir, under existing circumstances.”

“Why not, doctor?”

“Simply, because your daughter is the patient of these gentlemen. They have the case still in charge, and I could not, of course, come in and interfere with them. Besides, they have attended her for years, and it is requisite, before I could begin to prescribe with certainty, that I should know from them how she has been affected, and

what has been the treatment pursued in her case. The very remedies which her symptoms would indicate to me, may have been repeatedly tried, and my use of them would only cause a delay that might be seriously prejudicial to your daughter's prospect of recovery."

Before replying to this, the old man mused for some minutes with a troubled countenance. He saw and felt the difficulties in the way of the young physician, at the same time that he was indignant at the conduct of the others, who were old acquaintances, and had received hundreds of dollars of his money. At length he said—

"I am as much in favour of paying respect to social and professional courtesies as you can be, Doctor Costal. But, in a case like this, it seems to me that your course is plain—at least, I intend making it plain. I wish you to see my daughter in connection with her regular physicians—they refuse to consult with you. Very well! What next? I will dismiss them, and

call you in. You cannot, under such circumstances, refuse to give attendance?"

"I should feel it my duty to do the best in my power. Still, I shall regret such a course."

"It is the only plain course left, doctor. Call in this evening at eight o'clock. In the mean time, I will formally dismiss Doctors Sinus and Clavicle."

"I will be in attendance," Doctor Costal said, bowing, and then retiring.

Punctually at eight, he entered the chamber of Miss Allenson, and met her with a cheerful, confident air, that, of itself, made her feel a hundred per cent. better than she had felt all day. He did not seem to be examining her symptoms all the while that he was making the closest observations. He preferred not to appear to do so, but rather to gain the confidence and good feeling of his patient, and then gradually to lead her to disclose all that was important in regard to the disease that he saw had already made sad inroads upon her constitu-

tion. After spending an hour with her and the family, charming them with his conversation on many subjects, he made some slight prescription, and left the invalid's chamber.

Old Mr. Allenson went down-stairs with him, and held him some time in conversation.

"What do you really think of her case, doctor?" he asked, in a tone, and with a look of much anxiety.

"I dare not flatter you, my dear sir, with false hopes," the doctor replied. "Your daughter's case, I fear, is one that will ultimately baffle all remedies. Still, I think there is no immediate danger, if she be properly cared for. Medicine will not do her so much good as cheerful company, exercise in the open air, and nourishing food. I should think, from my observation to-night, that she is inclined to become low-spirited."

"That is true, doctor. And yet, I have not seen her so cheerful for weeks."

"Is she fond of riding out?"

"No."

"Do you take her out often?"

"But rarely. The doctors said nothing about it, and she seemed so little inclined to go, that I have never urged her on the subject."

"I think that it would be very useful to her, and would, therefore, recommend you to take her out once every day. I will call in to-morrow, and prescribe it myself."

"Do, if you please, doctor. If you tell her you think it will be good for her, she will make no objection."

In the morning Doctor Costal called, as he had promised, and entered the chamber of Florence with a cheerful word and smile. She had been so pleased with his conversation and manner on the evening before, that she had already begun to look for his visit; and when he came in, her heart bounded with a more healthy motion, and her eye brightened with a sincere pleasure. The grave, and sometimes solemn faces, and si-

lent, portentous movements of her old physicians, had always depressed her spirits, and made her feel worse.

"You look better this morning, Florence," Doctor Costal said, as he sat down by her side.

"I think I do feel a little better, doctor," she replied, with a smile and a look of confidence.

"Did you rest any better last night?"

"Oh yes, a good deal better."

"Well, that's encouraging." Then, after feeling her pulse for a moment or two, he said—

"What do you say to a ride out, this morning?"

"Do you think I can bear the fatigue?"

"Oh yes, of a short ride. A little fatigue won't hurt you, and you will feel all the better for some fresh air."

"I will go then, doctor."

"Very well. We must try and help nature along, and see if it won't act against

the disease, without the debilitating influence of medicine."

After chatting in a cheerful strain for half an hour, Doctor Costal returned to his office.

Pursuant to his advice, Florence Allenson rode out, and found herself much better in consequence. Under the doctor's direction, she went out in the carriage every day, and, at the end of the week, walked for a little while, which she had not done for months.

In a town like that of M——, such an event could not take place without its becoming known in almost every family. The four doctors found themselves inquired of, concerning this wonderful change, at every turn, much to their chagrin and annoyance. But they solemnly pronounced it as their opinion that Doctor Costal was giving Miss Allenson some stimulating draught, that was producing a mere temporary excitement, which would wear out the remaining strength of her system, and carry

her suddenly to the grave. This opinion was, of course, received by numbers, and over many a tea table the matter was discussed, with remarks of wonder at the strange folly of Mr. Allenson, in trusting the life of Florence to a mere young adventurer like Doctor Costal.

But, in spite of all this, Florence continued to gain strength under her new treatment; and the consequence was, that not only Doctor Costal, but his young, intelligent, and lovely wife, received many calls from the first families in the village. He was becoming popular for professional skill, and she admired and beloved for her truly ladylike manners, combined with intelligence and moral worth, that could not be overlooked.

Finding that secret detraction did nothing toward destroying the rapidly advancing reputation of Doctor Costal, the four physicians determined to break him down by exposing him to the public ridicule of all the influential people in the vil-

lage. They had a kind of Lyceum, in which, during the winter months, the four physicians of the town gave lectures on various subjects connected with physiology and medicine, assisted by several literary gentlemen, who varied the exercises by introducing more general topics.

As the season approached for opening the course of lectures, the four doctors made some advances toward the young physician, and finally asked him if he would not give a few lectures during the winter. To this he readily consented.

"On what subject, doctor?" was next asked.

"I have some beautiful models of the ear and eye, which were imported from France. If it will be agreeable, I will give a few lectures on these organs, illustrating them by reference to my models."

This was agreed to, and the opening lecture of the course was announced to be given by Doctor Costal. But the subject was not named, although it was understood

that it was to be the anatomy of the eye. His models were sent over to the Lyceum, and at the appointed hour Doctor Costal attended there, and found a crowded audience. Among the rest was Florence Allenson, looking better than she had looked for years. A table stood on the elevation from which the lecture was to be given, and his models, as he supposed, were upon it, concealed from view by a white cloth.

At the hour, Doctor Costal arose, and, before announcing his subject, removed the cloth from the table, revealing, not his beautiful models—but a huge *frog*!

This unexpected apparition took the young doctor, of course, by surprise. He saw in an instant its true meaning—and on the instant determined to give those who expected thus to mortify and injure him in the eyes of the whole town, a signal defeat. The surprise he felt, and the rapid mental process that was going on, were not apparent to the audience, most of whom, though disposed to smile at the great

frog that lay stretched out upon the table, supposed that of course all was right. A few, however, had been made acquainted with the subject of the intended lecture, and had come prepared to see the doctor's magnified models of the eye, and to hear a lucid exposition of its anatomical structure and functions. These were, of course, disappointed, and indignant at the trick, which they readily comprehended. As for the four doctors, they looked on with an effort to seem grave, but sundry restless motions and twitches of the muscles of the face showed them to be exceedingly amused at the smartness of their trick. After a brief pause, the lecturer said—

“I did intend to occupy your attention, this evening, with a brief description of one of the most delicate and wonderful organs of the human body, and to have displayed before you some exquisite models of that organ, so as to render my descriptions perfectly clear to you. But as the directors of this institution have thought it best to

substitute the animal before you for my models, I am induced to change my subject to one which I think will interest you even more than the attractive one I had chosen.

“The physiologist, who is in love with his subject, finds a wide field for interesting investigation in comparative anatomy, or that branch of anatomy which considers the difference between the structure and functions of organs in man and the inferior animals. And, to a portion of this subject, I will call your attention this evening, viz., that which has reference to respiration and the respiratory organs. The order of my subject will be to trace these organs from their feeblest development, as it is first distinctly perceived in insects and worms, up, through fishes, amphibious animals, birds, and beasts, to its highest perfection in man. The curious breathing-apparatus of amphibious animals will occupy the main portion of the lecture, as I can make that much clearer and more interest-

ing to you by the aid of the animal with which I have been kindly supplied."

With this introduction, Doctor Costal commenced his lecture, and then proceeded in a calm, lucid manner, that showed him to be entire master of the subject under consideration, to open to the minds of his audience a little world of delightful knowledge. This was done in such a familiar manner, and without the least apparent effort at display, that every one was charmed with the man as well as with the subject. Even the four doctors forgot their chagrin and envy in the absorbing interest which he threw around his theme.

When he closed his lecture, and sat down, he was repeatedly cheered, and even the clique of village doctors joined in the general praise by coming forward and shaking him warmly by the hand. They saw clearly that they had mistaken their man, and that, in their efforts to break him down, they were destroying themselves as fast as possible.

After that, no one of them dreamed of refusing to consult with Doctor Costal, who magnanimously forgave them for the trick they had attempted to play upon him, as he could well afford to do. Florence Allenson lived three years under his judicious treatment, when nature could bear up no longer against the inroads of a fatal disease, and she sank quietly to rest.

Five years residence in that beautiful village sufficed to give Doctor Costal a few thousand dollars above his expenses, and with this sum, as a means of support until he can become known, he has removed to New York, where, we doubt not, that in a few years he will rise to eminence in his profession. His four medical friends again enjoy a monopoly of the practice of the village, right glad to find themselves once more freed from such kind of competition as that offered by Doctor Costal. But it is very certain that they will never forget his lecture on the frog, nor the useful lesson which it taught them.

SUNDAY-WORK NO PROFIT.

A POOR man, named James Gray, lived many years ago near a place in New York, called New Windsor. He had a wife and two children; one a little girl ten years old, and the other a boy named James, who was but five years of age. And he loved them all very much. Mr Gray was a miller, and “tended” mill for a man named Harding.

This Harding was one of those men who care only for themselves. He was a lover of money, and scrupled not to obtain it in any way not forbidden by law. As Mr. Gray was industrious and faithful, his em-



THE BURNING MILL.

ployer paid him his wages, and was glad to have him work in his mill.

This mill was always kept running on the Sabbath, and the owner often tried to get Mr. Gray to work on that day. But the latter told him that he could not break the commandment requiring him to reverence the Sabbath-day. This reply usually irritated Harding, and sometimes he would ridicule Gray for being religious, and sometimes get angry and threaten to discharge him. But nothing moved the poor man from his integrity of purpose.

It so happened, at last, that the head miller, who had always run the mill on Sundays, was taken sick, and there was no one but Gray to keep it going. Late on Saturday night, Harding came into the mill, and said to him—

“James, you will have to run the mill to-morrow.”

“Indeed, Mr. Harding,” he replied, “I cannot do it.”

“Yes, but you must!” And Mr. Harding spoke in a positive, angry tone.

“If I did not think it wrong, Mr. Harding, I”——

“I don’t want to hear any of your excuses,” returned the employer, still more angrily. “You have got to run the mill to-morrow, or be discharged; one or the other. I won’t have any man about me who has so little regard for my interest.”

“But, Mr. Harding”——

“I won’t hear a word from you, James Gray! Take your choice. Work to-morrow, or leave my employment!” And so saying, he turned angrily away, and left the mill.

It was then eleven o’clock at night, and by twelve the morning of the Sabbath commenced. Mr. Gray felt very much troubled in mind, when he thought of his wife and dear little ones, but he looked up in silent confidence for direction. The hour that passed from the departure of his angry employer, until twelve o’clock, he spent in going through the mill, and seeing that

every thing was in good order. But all the time his mind was engaged in thinking about what it was right for him to do, and in looking up to Heaven for instruction.

As he thus walked through the mill, many beautiful and comforting passages from the Holy Word came into his mind, and cheered his spirits: such as—

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him.

Just as the hour of twelve arrived, his mind became confused, for the moment of action had come. The images of his dear ones, who were to lose or keep their home by the decision of this moment, arose up before his mind. He thought of his wife turned from their pleasant cottage, and of his children without food;—his heart trembled, and his purpose wavered. This was his hour of strong trial. This was to prove

him as gold in the furnace. While he thus stood, in painful irresolution, his hand upon the lever that raised and lowered the water-gate, these words came into his mind so distinctly, that they seemed almost as if spoken aloud in his ear:—

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

Instantly he raised the lever, and in a few moments all was hushed into silence. The mill had stopped. Then, locking the door, he turned toward his home.

He had many thoughts that troubled him as he drew near the home that was to be his, he feared, no longer. But every troubled thought was followed by the passage of some sweet and comforting portion of Scripture through his mind.

When he reached his dwelling, he found all his beloved ones in a quiet sleep. He stepped softly, lest he should disturb their slumber. Before he laid himself down, he knelt and prayed for strength to do, and for patience to suffer, the will of Him who rewardeth not as man rewardeth. Then

kissing tenderly the cheeks of his dear little ones, he laid himself down to rest, and slept sweetly until morning.

When Harding found that James Gray had feared God rather than man, he was very angry; and, on Monday morning, as soon as he came to the mill, he paid him his wages and discharged him upon the spot.

The heart of the poor man was very heavy as he turned toward his home, with twenty dollars in his pocket, all the money he possessed in the world. When he came in, he called his wife to him and said—

“Ellen, I am discharged.”

“Discharged, James!” said his wife, in surprise and alarm.

“Yes, Ellen: Mr. Harding discharged me because I would not work on Sunday. He threatened me on Saturday night, but I said nothing to you yesterday about it, for I did not wish to trouble your mind.”

“We should fear God rather than man,” said Ellen, leaning her head upon her husband’s shoulder. But her heart was full,

and the tears were springing to her eyes, for she thought, instantly, of her little ones.

“May He bless you, Ellen, for your words of encouragement! And he will bless you, I know, for it is said—*He will bless them that fear the Lord.*”

The cottage in which Mr. Gray lived belonged to Mr. Harding, whose bad heart prompted him to distress the poor man as much as lay in his power. So, by ten o'clock, he sent up a positive order that the house should be cleared by night.

This cruel order came more suddenly than had been expected, and it added greatly to the poor man's trouble of mind.

“We must move to-day,” said he to his wife.

“It is hard, dear husband!” Ellen replied, bursting into tears.

“It may seem hard, Ellen. But *the Lord is our Shepherd, we shall not want.*”

The face of Ellen Gray brightened as her husband uttered these words.

“Yes,” she added. “And, *many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*”

“That is a sweet passage, Ellen, and so is this—*I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*”

As they repeated to each other these and other portions of the Word, their hearts were strengthened to bear the present trouble in patient hope and unwavering trust in Him who should be feared rather than man.

“What do you intend doing, James?” at length asked Mrs. Gray, looking into her husband’s face inquiringly.

“I think I will first go and talk with the minister,” said he; “perhaps he can give me some advice that will help me.”

Ellen liked this idea; and so her husband went down to see and talk with Mr. Goodman.

After he had told his story, the minister

took his hand, and pressing it warmly, said to him—

“In all cases, Mr. Gray, we should regard God rather than man. If we regard His word above all other considerations, it will always go well with us. For He sees all things, and knows our hearts; and can bring to nought the evil devices of the wicked one. I am glad that you have come to see me, for I think I can help you in your extremity. It is only half an hour since Mr. Wilkins was here, and said to me that he wished very much that he could get a man to stay in his store, in whom he could put confidence. I know of no one who will suit him so well as yourself. Come, we will go over at once and see him.”

“You are the very man to suit me,” said Mr. Wilkins, after he had learned that Gray was out of employment, and the reason. “How much did Mr. Harding pay you?”

“Twenty dollars a month, and the cottage to live in,” James replied.

“Well, I will give you thirty dollars, and you can live in the cottage close by the store. It is vacant now, and you can move in to-day if you choose.”

Words cannot tell how great was the relief that this unexpected offer brought to the mind of Mr. Gray.

“I will move into the cottage this afternoon, Mr. Wilkins,” said he, “and to-morrow I will begin in the store.”

“Very well, James. All will be ready for you.”

When James Gray re-entered his home, Ellen looked up eagerly into his face. She saw by its expression that he had good news for her, and, bursting into tears before he had uttered a word, she leaned her head upon his bosom and sobbed aloud.

“All is right, Ellen,” he whispered.

“I knew it! I knew it, dear husband!” she murmured, looking up and smiling through her tears. “And now tell me all.”

James related, in a few words, the interview he had held with Mr. Goodman, and then with Mr. Wilkins, and the result.

"HE is good," was the only response made by his wife, as her eyes glanced upward.

And then, moved by a single impulse, they knelt down and offered up to the Father of all, their heartfelt gratitude.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray felt very happy after they were comfortably settled in their new home. James had no longer to sit up half the night, as before, nor did he have to work so hard as he had been required to do in the mill.

Every thing now went on comfortably for several years, during which time, by prudence and economy, Gray had managed to lay up three or four hundred dollars.

About this time Mr. Wilkins died, and his store was sold out. By the advice of several friends, Gray set up a little store for himself, with the money he had saved. In this his wife attended, as well as him.

self, and thus they saved the expense of an assistant. From being long known in Mr. Wilkins's store, and known as an upright, conscientious man, a large portion of the village custom came to Mr. Gray, and he soon found himself doing an excellent business. Almost every one who wanted to deal fairly, came to James Gray's store; for it was known that he never deceived a customer. If his articles were not of the best quality, he stated it frankly. Even if he had been deceived in purchasing, he preferred losing on his goods to selling them for more than their real value.

In the mean time, Mr. Harding continued to keep his mill running on the Sabbath.

"Wouldn't I be a fool," he said, one day, about ten years after he had turned off James Gray, to a friend who suggested the propriety of his stopping his mill on Sundays,—“to throw away fifty-two good days in the year? My mill grinds me fifty barrels of flour from twelve o'clock on Saturday night until twelve o'clock on Sunday night,

every week. Upon each barrel I clear at least half a dollar. Now, wouldn't I be a fool," he repeated, "to shut my mill down for twenty-four hours each week?"

"But remember," urged his friend, "that Sunday is the Lord's day; and that"——

"Oh don't talk religion to me!" he returned, impatiently. "I don't profess to be religious." And he turned aside his head with a look of contempt.

On the next Sunday, it so happened that the head miller, who had charge of the mill, and who always ran it on Sundays, fell asleep. While asleep, the hopper became empty, and this allowed the speed of the mill-stones to increase so greatly, that they struck fire in rubbing together, no grain being between them. A large stream of sparks of fire was thrown out from the mill-stones, which soon set the wood-work about them into flames. Still, the miller slept on, unconscious of danger, away up in the third story of the mill, where he had lain himself down to rest.

The fire gradually spread, until it destroyed the whole building; and, terrible to relate, the body of the miller was consumed with it.

The loss of his mill took from Mr. Harding nearly all that he was worth. There being no insurance, he had nothing wherewith to rebuild it, and as he had only rented the mill-seat, he could not, by selling that, obtain money enough to commence any other kind of business.

Like James Gray, Mr. Harding had a wife and family, and he now became greatly concerned for them. But he could not, like the poor man he had persecuted for conscience' sake, look up with confidence and hope.

During the six succeeding months, in which he was settling up and arranging his business, he was gloomy and troubled. All before him was darkness and doubt, uncheered by a single ray of light. At the end of that time, he found himself in possession of the house he lived in, and only

a few hundred dollars besides. Notwithstanding he had been making, as he supposed, by Sunday-work alone, more than twelve hundred dollars a year, yet, when his business was settled up and the losses ascertained, he found that he had little or nothing left.

One day, about this time, he met Mr. Gray, now doing the best business in his line in the village. He had always felt unkindly toward this man, ever since he discharged him; for it is usual for bad men to dislike those whom they feel conscious of having injured. But now, as he approached the thrifty storekeeper, he felt inclined to stop and speak to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Gray?" said he.

"How do you do, Mr. Harding?" Mr. Gray responded kindly, taking his offered hand.

"Things have changed very much with us, since last we met." And there was a sad expression in the tone of Mr. Harding's voice.

“They have, indeed,” replied Mr. Gray. “And I do most sincerely regret that the change has been so distressing a one to you.”

“I thank you, Mr. Gray, for your kind sympathy. And now let me say, that my unkind treatment of you, over ten years ago, I have more than once regretted. Of late, I have thought frequently about that Sunday-work. Certain it is, that it has been, in the end, no profit to me.”

“Nor has it ever been, in the end, a profit to any one, Mr. Harding,” Gray replied in an earnest tone. “He who made us, made likewise the laws that ought to govern us. These laws cannot be violated without injury to ourselves. It is for our good that it is enjoined upon us to keep them. If, then, we disregard any one of these commandments, unhappiness will be the consequence. It may not always come in the loss of property, yet it will surely come. But in keeping the commandments, He has told us, there is great reward.”

Mr. Harding listened calmly, and when Mr. Gray ceased speaking, said—

“Perhaps you are right, Mr. Gray; and just now it seems to me that you are right, although I never could see it so before. Certain it is, that *I* have not prospered, for every thing is gloomy enough with me now. And gloomier still, I much fear it will be.”

“Do not give way to despondency,” Mr. Gray said, trying to encourage him. “You know that it is said, the darkest hour is just before the break of day. I have found it so, and I trust that you will also.”

Then after a pause, he asked—

“Have you decided yet, Mr. Harding, into what business you will go?”

“No, Mr. Gray, I have not. And, indeed, to tell the truth, nearly every thing has been swept from me. What I shall do to support my family is really more than I can tell.”

Mr. Gray had not supposed that things were so bad as that with his old employer, and he felt much concerned for him. After

thinking for a few moments, he said, looking into Mr. Harding's face with a kind expression—

“If nothing better should offer, and the situation would be agreeable to you, I could give you employment in my store. My business has increased a good deal of late, and also my wife's domestic cares, so that I can receive but little assistance from her. The offer is made in kindness, Mr. Harding, and you are free to accept it or not, as seems to yourself best.”

“Most cheerfully will I accept your kind offer, for I cannot do better, I am sure,” he replied, taking Mr. Gray's hand and pressing it warmly.

“Then come as soon as you choose.” And the two parted.

On the next day, Mr. Harding entered as an assistant in the store of the man whom ten years before he had discharged from his employment, and persecuted afterward, because he would not break one of the commandments. But the change proved

to be a salutary one. It humbled his heart, and made him feel that in the hands of Him who ordained the Sabbath he was perfect weakness. The troubles which had come upon him taught him reflection, and now that he began to respect Mr. Gray and his principles, he began to think about these principles as rules of action for himself.

Such thoughts are never fruitless. Like good seed in good ground, their germinating principles become active. From seeing and then approving what was right in another, he came to love that good as something desirable for himself. This led him on to the practice of what was just, and honourable, and kind, from a sincere desire to be the character that had at first won his admiration. As he began to act out what he saw to be good, light broke in upon him, and he experienced the life-giving, delightful warmth that ever pervades the bosom of him who reveres those laws which enjoin obedience to God, and good-will to our neighbour. In keeping them he realized

that there was a great reward. Finally, external blessings were again restored. But now he could use them in a right spirit. He never afterward forgot the lesson he had learned.

THINK TWICE.

“**D**ID Horner pay the bill?” inquired Mr. Gilbert of his clerk, who had just come in.

The young man shook his head.

“Didn’t pay it?”

“No, sir.”

“What answer did he give?”

“He was angry, and said that he wished you wouldn’t send after the bill any more; that, when he was ready, he would bring you the money, and not before.”

“He said that, did he?” Mr. Gilbert spoke with considerable excitement of manner.

“Yes, sir. I have never called on him that he didn’t get out of patience, and say something unpleasant.”

‘Very well,” replied Mr. Gilbert, in a menacing tone. “Give me the bill. I’ll collect it.”

And taking up his hat, he left the store. Within two or three blocks was the office of an alderman; and thither his steps were turned.

“Thank fortune! there’s a short way to deal with men in these cases.” Thus Mr. Gilbert talked to himself, as he moved rapidly along. “Not send my bill, indeed! Why doesn’t he come and pay it, if he is so nice in these matters? He doesn’t mean to pay; that’s the true reason. But he is dealing with the wrong man, and he will find this out before he is twenty-four hours older. He can bluff off a clerk, but will find a city bailiff a different sort of a customer.”

Such was the state of Mr. Gilbert’s mind, as he hurried on his way to the alderman’s office.

Horner, the offender in this case, was a poor tailor, who had become indebted to

Gilbert for groceries. The amount of his bill was sixty-six dollars—a very large sum for him, and far exceeding what he had supposed it would be. Sickness, and the loss of a child, had, some months previously, lessened his income, and also burdened him with unusual expenses. But for this, he would not have become indebted. Honest and sensitive, the debt worried him. Instead, however, of going to Mr. Gilbert and asking him to let the obligation stand for a short time until he could pay it off gradually, he kept away from him, and fretted himself with thinking over the unpleasant relation he bore to the grocer. As was to have been expected, the bill came in. The clerk, by whose hands it was sent, made his demand in a style that Horner thought rude, if not insulting. This was more in imagination than in reality.

“I can’t pay this now,” was the tailor’s brief answer. He spoke with a troubled

voice and countenance. The clerk interpreted his manner by the word "anger."

"When will you settle it?" he inquired, with something peremptory in voice.

"I can't tell," said Horner in a short, quick tone of voice.

The clerk bowed and went away. His report did not please the grocer, who, in a few days, sent again for the money. The second demand came upon Horner while he was thinking of the bill, and hopelessly casting about in his mind for some means of paying it. Not possessing a great deal of self-control, he unwisely uttered an expression of impatience the moment he saw the clerk of Gilbert.

"Well, sir; what about that bill?" said the clerk.

"Its no use to keep calling on me," replied Horner. "As soon as I have the money I will see Mr. Gilbert."

A third time the clerk called. Poor Horner was in a very unhappy state of mind. He had been thinking of little else

besides the grocer's bill all the morning; while, in his mind, there was a nervous presentiment that he should have a visit from the collector. He was not in error. Even as the thought troubled him, open swung his door, and the messenger of Gilbert entered.

"See here, young man!" exclaimed Horner, before the other had time to speak; "just tell Gilbert not to send for that bill here again. It won't bring the money an hour sooner. When I am ready, I will pay it, and not before."

The clerk turned off and left the shop without a word of reply.

"That wasn't right, John," said the tailor's wife, in a tone of gentle reproof, after the lapse of five minutes. She wisely forbore to speak until time enough had elapsed for her irritable husband to regain a degree of self-composure.

"I know it wasn't," answered Horner, pausing in his work and giving vent to his feelings in a heavy sigh. "I know it

wasn't. But this constant dunning is hard to bear. He knows, as well as I do, that he will get his money as soon as I can possibly earn it."

"No, John; not as well as you do," said the wife mildly. "He cannot see your thoughts."

There was a brief silence.

"Have you ever seen Mr. Gilbert, John?" inquired Mrs. Horner.

"No. But"—

The tailor hesitated. He saw what was in the mind of his wife, and felt its force.

"Don't you think it would be better to see him, and explain just how it is with you? I don't believe he would give you any trouble, if you were to do so. There is no telling what kind of messages his clerk takes to him. If he gives simply your words to-day, Mr. Gilbert will be angry; and there is no knowing what he might be tempted to do."

"I don't want to see him," replied Hor-

ner. "I can't bear to look into a man's face if I owe him money."

The wife sighed; but did not answer. Both remained silent for some time. Horner's own mind soon suggested all that his wife wished, but hesitated to say. It was but right for him to see the grocer, explain to him fully his position, and after assuring him of his intention to pay every dollar of the debt, ask of him a liberal extension of time.

"I'll see him," said he, at length, pausing suddenly in his work, and getting down from his shopboard. In a little while he was ready to go out, when he started forth to see his creditor.

In the mean time, Gilbert had kept on his way toward the alderman's, fully resolved to hand his debtor over to the tender mercies of the law. He was within a few doors of the office when he met a friend.

"What's the matter?" inquired this individual. "You look as if you were going to sue somebody."

“Just what I am about doing,” replied the grocer.

“Ah, indeed! Who is the hard case that requires such a stringent measure?”

“Horner, the tailor. You know him, I believe?”

“Yes; very well. But you are not going to sue him?”

“Indeed I am.

“How much does he owe you?”

“Sixty odd dollars.”

“I’d think twice before I troubled poor Horner,” said the other, shaking his head.

“He sends me only insulting answers,” replied Gilbert. “I’ve dunned him until I’m tired.”

“Perhaps you’ve dunned him too hard. He is sensitive and irritable.”

“No; I’ve only sent three or four times. This morning he returned for answer that he would pay when he was ready, and not before.”

“And, on the spur of the moment, you

have determined to put the account into an alderman's hands."

"I have."

"Too hasty, friend Gilbert. In all matters of this kind it is better to think twice. Remember, that Horner has had sickness and death in his family. These, I know, have thrown him back. Here lies the cause of his slowness in paying. But, surely, these things entitle him to consideration. He is honest. I am certain of this."

"I didn't think about his sickness and the loss of his child," said Gilbert in a modified tone. "But this is no justification for the rude, unsatisfactory answers he sent to my applications for money."

"Of course not. But every man cannot, at all times, control his feelings. An honest mind often feels a quick sense of indignation when a demand is made for a debt where present inability to pay exists. This is, no doubt, the case with Horner. Honest in his intentions, he felt your repeated application as questioning that ho-

nesty; and he could not bear the imputation with becoming patience."

The two men separated. Gilbert had thought twice; and, instead of going to the magistrate's office, returned to his store. There, a little to his surprise, he found the tailor awaiting him. They met with some reserve and embarrassment. But Horner said, in a moment or two, and in a subdued voice—

"I am sorry, Mr. Gilbert, to have kept you out of your money so long; nothing has prevented my paying you but inability. I have had sickness and trouble; or it would not now be with me as it is. I felt worried when your clerk called to-day, and sent you an improper message: Let me recall that. And now, I will tell you the best I can do. If you will take from me five dollars a month, until the whole bill is settled, I will faithfully pay you that much; and more, if it is possible."

"Perfectly satisfactory," replied Gilbert, in a voice so cordial that it sent the blood

bounding through the veins of the unhappy tailor. "If you had only made this proposition before, it would have been cheerfully accepted."

When the two men separated, each was wiser, and each felt happier. The tailor kept his engagement, and the grocer not only received his money but retained a good customer. So much for sober second thoughts.



THE BISHOP PUTTING UP HIS OWN HORSE.

THE BISHOP AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

AN aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging on his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of hills that bounds the horizon of a rich and picturesque district in Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty-five miles since morning, his pulses throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At midday he had been hospitably entertained by one who had recognised the veteran soldier of the cross, and who had ministered to him, for his Master's sake, of the benefits himself had received from the hand which feedeth the

young lions when they lack; and he had travelled on, refreshed in spirit. But many weary miles had he journeyed over since then, and now, as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when that day's pilgrimage should be accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxiously looked-for haven of rest. A middle-aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I don't know," said she coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller, which was not the most promising, "that we can take you in, old man. You seem tired, however, and I'll see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to-night, will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit-preacher soon made his appearance, and, coming up to the old

man, examined him for some moments inquisitively; then asked a few half-impertinent questions; and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, and feeling his smoothly-shaven chin, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night. Then turning upon his heel, he entered the house.

The traveller, aged and weary as he was, dismounted and led his faithful animal to the stable, where, with his own hands, he rubbed him down, watered him, and gave him food—then he entered the inhospitable mansion. A Methodist family resided in the house, and a number of the Methodist young ladies of the neighbourhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered, not one of whom took the least notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed that he was no

careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolty and foolishness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in pleasant repartee with another, who was anxious to seem interesting in his eyes.

The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshments had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed—grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddlebags a well-worn Bible, he seated himself in a chair, and was soon buried in thoughts holy and elevating. He had food to eat of which those who passed him by in pity and scorn dreamed not. Hour after hour elapsed, and no one came to invite the old, worn-down traveller to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Toward eleven o'clock the minister came up-stairs, and, without pause or prayer, hastily threw off his clothes, and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was to be the retiring-place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose up, and, after partially disrobing himself, knelt down, and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul soon arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his own neglect of duty. The old man now arose from his knees, and after slowly undressing himself, got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre and would not voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position, the stranger lay for some time, in silence. At length the young preacher made a remark to which the old man replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On

this, he moved over an inch or two and made more room.

"How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?" he asked.

"Thirty-five miles," was replied.

"From where?"

"From Springfield."

"Ah, indeed! You must be tired, after so long a journey for one of your age."

"Yes, this poor old body is much worn down by long and constant travelling, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much."

The young preacher moved over a little.

"You do not belong to Springfield, then?"

"No. I have no abiding-place."

"How?"

"I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears."

Another move of the minister.

"How far have you travelled on your present journey?"

"From Philadelphia."

"From Philadelphia!" in evident sur-

prise. "The Methodist General Conference was in session there, a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?"

"It adjourned the day before I started."

"Ah, indeed!" said the young preacher, moving still further over toward the front-side of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodation. "Had Bishop —— left when you came out?"

"Yes, he started at the same time I did: we left in company."

Here the circuit-preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space. Then he said, "How is the good old man?"

"He carries his age tolerably well. But his labour is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength."

"He is expected this way in a week or two," said the preacher. "How glad I shall be to shake hands with the old veteran of the Cross! But you say you left in company with the dear old man. How far did you come together?"

"We travelled in company for a long distance."

"You travelled along with the bishop!"

"Yes; we have been intimate for years!" said the old man.

"You intimate with Bishop ——!"

"Yes—why not?"

"Bless me! Why did I not know this before! But may I be so bold as to inquire your name?"

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied, giving the name of the bishop.

"Not Bishop ——!" cried the young preacher, starting up.

"They call me 'Bishop ——,'" meekly replied the old man.

"Why—bless me! Bishop ——," exclaimed the now abashed preacher, springing from the bed. "YOU HAVE HAD NO SUPPER! I will instantly call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?"

"Stop—stop, my friend," said the bishop gravely. "I want no supper here, and

should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toil-worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop —— surely is not. He is, at best, but a man, and has no claims beyond common humanity.”

A night of severer mortification the young preacher had never experienced. The bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavoured to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and directed him to trust more in God and less in his own strength.

In the morning, the bishop prayed with him long and fervently, before he left the chamber, and was glad to see his heart melted into contrition. Soon after, the bishop descended, and was met by the

heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies; but he mildly silenced them. His horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and taking up his saddlebags, he was preparing to depart.

“But, surely, bishop,” urged the distressed matron, “you will not thus leave us? Wait a few minutes—breakfast is on the table.”

“No, sister L——, I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor, toil-worn traveller, worthy of a meal, and your bishop has no claim but such as humanity urges.”

And thus he departed, leaving the family and the preacher in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not rise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson which they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati. The young preacher was to present himself for

ordination as a deacon, and Bishop —— was to be the Presiding Bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of Conference, our preacher's heart sank within him as he saw the venerable bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation, that he was soon obliged to leave the room. That evening, as the bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr. —— was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which the latter did not expect, for he had made careful inquiries, and found that since they had met before a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble and pious as he had before been worldly-minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. At that session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.

THE TIMELY AID.

“TAKE care of that wolf, my son,” said Mrs. Maylie to a boy about twelve years old, who had come home from school in a very ill humour with a playmate, and kept saying harsh things about him, which were but oral evidences of the unkind feelings he cherished within.

“What wolf, mother?” asked Alfred, looking up with surprise.

“The wolf in your heart. Have you already forgotten what I told you last evening about the wild beasts within you?”

“But you told us, too,” spoke up little Emily, “about the innocent lambs. There are gentle and good animals in us, as well as fierce and evil ones.”

“Oh yes. Good affections are the innocent animals of your hearts, and evil affections the cruel beasts of prey that are lurking there, ever ready, if you will permit them, to rise up and destroy your good affections. Take care, my children, how you permit the wild beasts to rage. In a moment that you know not, they may ravage some sweet spot.”

“But what did you mean by saying that there was a *wolf* in brother Alfred? Tell us the meaning of that, mother.”

“Yes, do, mother,” joined in Alfred, whose ill-humour had already begun to subside. “I want to know what the wolf in my heart means.”

“Do you know any thing about the nature of wolves?” asked Mrs. Maylie.

“They are very cruel, and love to seize and eat up dear, little, innocent lambs,” said Emily.

“Yes, my children, their nature is cruel; and they prey upon innocent creatures.

Until now, Alfred, you have always loved to be with your playmate, William Jarvis."

Alfred was silent.

"Was it not so, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; I used to like him."

"Frequently you would get from me a fine, large apple, or a choice flower from the garden, to present to him. But the tender and innocent feelings that prompted you to do this have perished. Some wolf has rushed in and destroyed them. Is it not so?"

Alfred sat in thoughtful silence.

"Think, my son," continued Mrs. Maylie. "How innocent, like gentle lambs, were your feelings, until now! When you thought of William, it was with kindness. When you played by his side, it was with a warm, even tender regard. But it is not so now. Some beast of prey has devoured these lambs—these innocent creatures that sported in your bosom. If the angry, raging wolf has not eaten them up, where are they? Before you permitted yourself to

feel anger against William, gentle creatures leaped about happily in your breast: but you feel them no longer—only the wolf is there. Will you let him still rage and devour your lambs, or will you drive him out?”

“I will drive him out, mother, if I can. How shall I do it?” Alfred said earnestly, and with a troubled look.

“By resisting him even unto the death. You have the power. You have weapons that will prevail. Try to forget the fault of William—try to excuse him—think of his good qualities, and assure yourself of what I know to be true, that he never meant to offend you. If the angry wolf growl in your bosom, thrust bravely at him, as you would, were you, weapon in hand, defending a sheepfold; and he will, and must retire, or die at your feet. Then, innocent lambs will again be seen, and their sports delight your heart. Then you will feel no more anger toward your young friend, but love instead.”

"I don't think I am angry with William, mother," said Alfred.

"But you were, just now."

"Yes—but the wolf is no longer in my heart," the boy replied smiling. "He has been driven out."

"And innocent creatures can now sport there unharmed. I am glad of it. Do not again, Alfred; do not, any of you, my children, permit ravenous beasts to prey upon the lambs of your flocks. Fly from them in as much terror as you would fly from the presence of a wolf, a tiger, or a lion, were one to meet you in a forest. They are equally hurtful—one injures the body, the other the soul."

"Tell us now, mother, about the wolf that came near killing Uncle Harper when he was a little boy, no bigger than me," spoke up Charley, the youngest of Mrs. Maylie's treasures.

"Oh yes, mother, tell us all about it," said Alfred.

"I've told you that very often," the mother returned.

"But we want to hear it again. Tell it to us, won't you, mother?"

"Oh certainly. Many years ago, when I was a little girl, not bigger than Emily, we lived at the foot of a high mountain, in a wild, unsettled country. There were but few neighbours, and they were at great distances from us. At that time, bears, wolves, and panthers were in the region where we lived, and often destroyed the sheep of the settlers, and otherwise annoyed them. The men used frequently to go out and hunt them, and kill off these their forest enemies in great numbers.

"One day, when your Uncle Harper was about five years old, our father took us in his wagon to visit a neighbour about six miles up among the mountains. This neighbour had a little boy, just Harper's age, and they were together in the garden and about the house all the morning. Af-

ter dinner, they were dressed up nicely, and again went out to play.

“‘Come,’ said Harper’s companion, ‘let us go and see brother Allen’s bird-trap. He caught three pheasants, yesterday. Maybe we’ll find one in it to-day.’

“Harper was very willing to go. And so they started right into the woods, for the forest came up close to the house, and went off entirely out of sight. They had not been gone long before a neighbour, who lived about a mile off, came over to say that a very large wolf had been seen a few hours before.

“‘Where is Harper?’ my mother asked quickly, going to the door and looking out.

“‘I saw him a little while ago, playing about here with Johnny,’ some one replied.

“‘But where is he now?’ and our mother went out of doors, and looked all around the house and in the garden.

“‘They’ve gone off to my bird-trap, without doubt,’ said Allen, a stout boy, over

sixteen years of age. 'Johnny has been there several times within a day or two.'

"'Do run and see,' urged our mother. Allen took up his gun and started off quickly toward the place where he had set his bird-trap. Two or three took other directions; for, now that it was known a wolf had been seen, all were alarmed at the absence of the children. In about five minutes after Allen had left the house, we were startled by the sharp crack of a rifle in the direction he had taken. For the next five minutes we waited in dreadful suspense; then we were gladdened by the sight of Allen, bringing home the two children. But when we heard all that had occurred, we trembled from head to foot. Allen had gone quickly toward the place where he expected to find the little truants. When he came in sight of the trap, he saw them on the ground close to it, and was just going to call out to them to take care or they would spring it, when the dark body of a large wolf came quickly in be-

tween him and the children. There was not a moment to be lost: if the cruel beast reached them, destruction would be inevitable. Quickly presenting his rifle, he took a steady aim and fired. A fierce howl answered the report. As the smoke arose from before his eyes, he saw the 'gaunt gray robber' of the wilderness, rolling upon the ground. The bullet had sped with unerring certainty.

"How thankful we were," added Mrs. Maylie, "when, knowing how great had been the danger, we saw the children safe from all harm."

"Does Uncle Harper remember it?" asked Charley.

"Yes; he says he can just remember something about it; but he was a very small boy then."

"That was a *real* wolf," remarked Emily—"but the wolves, and tigers, and lambs you have been telling us about, are not real, are they? Real animals can't live in us."

“If there was nothing real about them, could they hurt you, dear?”

“No.”

“But the wolves I spoke about do hurt you. Must they not be real, then?”

“Not real like the big hairy wolf I saw at the show?”

“Oh no, not real, like that; not clothed in flesh; but still real, so far as power to harm you is concerned; and surely that is reality enough, don't you think so?”

“Yes, real, that way. But still,” Alfred said, “I can't understand how a real wolf can be in me; for a wolf is much bigger than I am.”

“But I don't mean a flesh-and-blood wolf, but something in you that partakes of the wolf's cruel nature; and, like the wolf, seeks to destroy all in you that is good, and harmless, and innocent. There may be in you something that corresponds to the fierce nature of the wolf, and something that corresponds to the gentle nature of the lamb. Both of these cannot be active at

the same time. If you let the wolf rule, your gentle lambs, as I before told you, will be destroyed."

The children now understood their mother better, though they could not clearly comprehend all that was meant by the wild beasts and innocent creatures of the human heart.

THE END.

THE
LAST PENNY,

AND
OTHER STORIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY CROGMER

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THE LAST PENNY.

THOMAS CLAIRE, a son of St. Crispin, was a clever sort of a man; though not very well off in the world. He was industrious, but, as his abilities were small, his reward was proportioned thereto. His skill went but little beyond half-soles, heel-taps, and patches. Those who, willing to encourage Thomas, ventured to order from him a new pair of boots or shoes, never repeated the order. That would have been carrying their good wishes for his prosperity rather too far.

As intimated, the income of Thomas Claire was not large. Industrious though he was, the amount earned proved so small

that his frugal wife always found it insufficient for an adequate supply of the wants of the family, which consisted of her husband, herself, and three children. It cannot be denied, however, that if Thomas had cared less about his pipe and mug of ale, the supply of bread would have been more liberal. But he had to work hard, and must have some little self-indulgence. At least, so he very unwisely argued. This self-indulgence cost from two to three shillings every week, a sum that would have purchased many comforts for the needy family.

The oldest of Claire's children, a girl ten years of age, had been sickly from her birth. She was a gentle, loving child, the favourite of all in the house, and more especially of her father. Little Lizzy would come up into the garret where Claire worked, and sit with him sometimes for hours, talking in a strain that caused him to wonder; and sometimes, when she did not feel as well as usual, lying upon the

floor and fixing upon him her large bright eyes for almost as long a period. Lizzy was never so contented as when she was with her father; and he never worked so cheerfully, as when she was near him.

Gradually, as month after month went by, Lizzy wasted away with some disease, for which the doctor could find no remedy. Her cheeks became paler and paler, her eyes larger and brighter, and such a weakness fell upon her slender limbs that they could with difficulty sustain her weight. She was no longer able to clamber up the steep stairs into the garret, or loft, where her father worked; yet she was there as often as before. Claire had made for her a little bed, raised a short space from the floor, and here she lay, talking to him or looking at him, as of old. He rarely went up or down the garret-stairs without having Lizzy in his arms. Usually her head was lying upon his shoulder.

And thus the time went on, Claire, for all the love he felt for his sick child—for

all the regard he entertained for his family—inclulging his beer and tobacco as usual, and thus consuming, weekly, a portion of their little income that would have brought to his children many a comfort. No one but himself had any luxuries. Not even for Lizzy's weak appetite were dainties procured. It was as much as the mother could do, out of the weekly pittance she received, to get enough coarse food for the table, and cover the nakedness of her family.

To supply the pipe and mug of Claire. from two to three shillings a week were required. This sum he usually retained out of his earnings, and gave the balance, whether large or small, to his frugal wife. No matter what his income happened to be, the amount necessary to obtain these articles was rigidly deducted, and as certainly expended. Without his beer, Claire really imagined that he would not have strength sufficient to go through with his weekly toil—how his wife managed to get along without even her regular cup of good

tea, it had never occurred to him to ask—and not to have had a pipe to smoke in the evening, or after each meal, would have been a deprivation beyond his ability to endure. So, the two or three shillings went regularly in the old way. When the sixpences and pennies congregated in goodly numbers in the shoemaker's pocket, his visits to the ale-house were often repeated, and his extra pipe smoked more frequently. But, as his allowance for the week diminished, and it required some searching in the capacious pockets, where they hid themselves away, to find the straggling coins, Claire found it necessary to put some check upon his appetite. And so it went on, week after week and month after month. The beer was drunk, and the pipe smoked as usual, while the whole family bent under the weight of poverty that was laid upon them.

Weaker and weaker grew little Lizzy. From the coarse food that was daily set before her, her weak stomach turned, and

she hardly took sufficient nourishment to keep life in her attenuated frame.

“Poor child!” said the mother one morning, “she cannot live if she doesn’t eat. But coarse bread and potatoes and buttermilk go against her weak stomach. Ah me! If we only had a little that the rich waste.”

“There is a curse in poverty!” replied Claire, with a bitterness that was unusual to him, as he turned his eyes upon his child, who had pushed away the food that had been placed before her, and was looking at it with an expression of disappointment on her wan face. “A curse in poverty!” he repeated. “Why should my child die for want of nourishing food, while the children of the rich have every luxury?”

In the mind of Claire, there was usually a dead calm. He plodded on, from day to day, eating his potatoes and buttermilk, or whatever came before him, and working steadily through the hours allotted to labour, his hopes or fears in life rarely exciting him

to an expression of discontent. But he loved Lizzy better than any earthly thing, and to see her turn with loathing from her coarse food, the best he was able to procure for her, aroused his sluggish nature into rebellion against his lot. But he saw no remedy.

“Can’t we get something a little better for Lizzy?” said he, as he pushed his plate aside, his appetite for once gone before his meal was half eaten.

“Not unless you can earn more,” replied the wife. “Cut and carve, and manage as I will, it’s as much as I can do to get common food.”

Claire pushed himself back from the table, and without saying a word more, went up to his shop in the garret, and sat down to work. There was a troubled and despondent feeling about his heart. He did not light his pipe as usual, for he had smoked up the last of his tobacco on the evening before. But he had a penny left, and with that, as soon as he had finished

mending a pair of boots and taken them home, he meant to get a new supply of the fragrant weed. The boots had only half an hour's work on them. But a few stitches had been taken by the cobbler, when he heard the feeble voice of Lizzy calling to him from the bottom of the stairs. That voice never came unregarded to his ears. He laid aside his work, and went down for his patient child, and as he took her light form in his arms, and bore her up into his little work-shop, he felt that he pressed against his heart the dearest thing to him in life. And with this feeling, came the bitter certainty that soon she would pass away and be no more seen. Thomas Claire did not often indulge in external manifestations of feeling; but now, as he held Lizzy in his arms, he bent down his face and kissed her cheek tenderly. A light, like a gleam of sunshine, fell suddenly upon the pale countenance of the child, while a faint, but loving smile played about her lips. Her father kissed her again, and then

laid her upon the little bed that was always ready for her, and once more resumed his work.

Claire's mind had been awakened from its usual leaden quiet. The wants of his failing child aroused it into disturbed activity. Thought beat, for a while, like a caged bird, against the bars of necessity, and then fluttered back into panting imbecility.

At last the boots were done, and with his thoughts now more occupied with the supply of tobacco he was to obtain than with any thing else, Claire started to take them home. As he walked along he passed a fruit-shop, and the thought of Lizzy came into his mind.

"If we could afford her some of these nice things!" he said to himself. "They would be food and medicine both, to the dear child. But," he added, with a sigh, "we are poor!—we are poor! Such dainties are not for the children of poverty."

He passed along, until he came to the alehouse where he intended to get his pen-

nyworth of tobacco. For the first time a thought of self-denial entered his mind, as he stood by the door, with his hand in his pocket, feeling for his solitary copper.

“This would buy Lizzy an orange,” he said to himself. “But then,” was quickly added, “I would have no tobacco to-day, nor to-morrow, for I won’t be paid for these boots before Saturday, when Barton gets his wages.”

Then came a long, hesitating pause. There was before the mind of Claire the image of the faint and feeble child with the refreshing orange to her lips; and there was also the image of himself encheered for two long days by his pipe. But could he for a moment hesitate, if he really loved that sick child? is asked. Yes, he could hesitate, and yet love the little sufferer; for to one of his order of mind and habits of acting and feeling, a self-indulgence like that of the pipe, or a regular draught of beer, becomes so much like second nature, that it is as it were a part of the very life;

and to give it up, costs more than a light effort.

The penny was between his fingers, and he took a single step toward the alehouse-door; but so vividly came back the image of little Lizzy, that he stopped suddenly. The conflict, even though the spending of a single penny was concerned, now became severe: love for the child plead earnestly, and as earnestly plead the old habit that seemed as if it would take no denial.

It was his last penny that was between the cobbler's fingers. Had there been two pennies in his pocket, all difficulty would have immediately vanished. Having thought of the orange, he would have bought it with one of them, and supplied his pipe with the other. But, as affairs now stood, he must utterly deny himself, or else deny his child.

For minutes the question was debated.

"I will see as I come back," said Claire at last, starting on his errand, and thus, for the time, making a sort of a compro-

mise. As he walked along, the argument still went on in his mind. The more his thoughts acted in this new channel, the more light came into the cobbler's mind, at all times rather dark and dull. Certain discriminations, never before thought of, were made; and certain convictions forced themselves upon him.

“What is a pipe of tobacco to a healthy man, compared with an orange to a sick child!” uttered half-aloud, marked at last the final conclusion of his mind; and as this was said, the penny which was still in his fingers was thrust determinedly into his pocket.

As he returned home, Claire bought the orange, and in the act experienced a new pleasure. By a kind of necessity he had worked on, daily, for his family, upon which was expended nearly all of his earnings; and the whole matter came so much as a thing of course, that it was no subject of conscious thought, and produced no emotion of delight or pain. But, the giving up

of his tobacco for the sake of his little Lizzy was an act of self-denial entirely out of the ordinary course, and it brought with it its own sweet reward.

When Claire got back to his home, Lizzy was lying at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for his return. He lifted her, as usual, in his arms, and carried her up to his shop. After placing her upon the rude couch he had prepared for her, he sat down upon his bench, and as he looked upon the white, shrunken face of his dear child, and met the fixed, sad gaze of her large earnest eye, a more than usual tenderness came over his feelings. Then, without a word, he took the orange from his pocket, and gave it into her hand.

Instantly there came over Lizzie's face a deep flush of surprise and pleasure. A smile trembled around her wan lips, and an unusual light glittered in her eyes. Eagerly she placed the fruit to her mouth and drank its refreshing juice, while every part of her body seemed quivering with a sense of delight.

“Is it good, dear?” at length asked the father, who sat looking on with a new feeling at his heart.

The child did not answer in words; but words could not have expressed her sense of pleasure so eloquently as the smile that lit up and made beautiful every feature of her face.

While the orange was yet at the lips of Lizzy, Mrs. Claire came up into the shop for some purpose.

“An orange!” she exclaimed with surprise. “Where did that come from?”

“Oh, mamma? it is so good!” said the child, taking from her lips the portion that yet remained, and looking at it with a happy face.

“Where in the world did that come from, Thomas?” asked the mother.

“I bought it with my last penny,” replied Claire. “I thought it would taste good to her.”

“But you had no tobacco.”

“I’ll do without that until to-morrow,” replied Claire.

“It was kind in you to deny yourself for Lizzy’s sake.”

This was said in an approving voice, and added another pleasurable emotion to those he was already feeling. The mother sat down, and, for a few moments, enjoyed the sight of her sick child, as with unabated eagerness she continued to extract the refreshing juice from the fruit. When she went down-stairs, and resumed her household duties, her heart beat more lightly in her bosom than it had beaten for a long time.

Not once through that whole day did Thomas Claire feel the want of his pipe; for the thought of the orange kept his mind in so pleased a state, that a mere sensual desire like that for a whiff of tobacco had no power over him.

Thinking of the orange, of course, brought other thoughts; and before the day closed, Claire had made a calculation of how much his beer and tobacco money would amount to in a year. The sum astonished him. He paid rent for the little house in which

he lived, two pounds sterling a year, which he always thought a large sum. But his beer and tobacco cost nearly seven pounds! He went over and over the calculation a dozen times, in doubt of the first estimate, but it always came out the same. Then he began to go over in his mind the many comforts seven pounds per annum would give to his family; and particularly how many little luxuries might be procured for Lizzy, whose delicate appetite turned from the coarse food that was daily set before her.

But to give up the beer and tobacco in toto, when it was thought of seriously, appeared impossible. How could he live without them?

On that evening the customer whose boots he had taken home in the morning, called in, unexpectedly, and paid for them. Claire retained a sixpence of the money and gave the balance to his wife. With this sixpence in his pocket he went out for a mug of beer, and some tobacco to

replenish his pipe. He stayed some time—longer than he usually took for such an errand.

When he came back he had three oranges in his pocket; and in his hands were two fresh buns, and a cup of sweet new milk. No beer had passed his lips, and his pipe was yet unsupplied. He had passed through another long conflict with his old appetites; but love for his child came off, as before, the conqueror.

Lizzy, who drooped about all day, lying down most of her time, never went to sleep early. She was awake, as usual, when her father returned. With scarcely less eagerness than she had eaten the orange in the morning, did she now drink the nourishing milk and eat the sweet buns, while her father sat looking at her, his heart throbbing with inexpressible delight.

From that day the pipe and the mug were thrown aside. It cost a prolonged struggle. But the man conquered the mere animal. And Claire found himself no worse

off in health. He could work as many hours, and with as little fatigue; in fact, he found himself brighter in the morning, and ready to go to his work earlier, by which he was able to increase, at least a shilling or two, his weekly income. Added to the comfort of his family, eight or ten pounds a year produced a great change. But the greatest change was in little Lizzy. For a few weeks, every penny saved from the beer and tobacco the father regularly expended for his sick child: and it soon became apparent that it was nourishing food, more than medicine, that Lizzy needed. She revived wonderfully; and no long time passed before she could sit up for hours. Her little tongue, too, became free once more, and many an hour of labour did her voice again beguile. And the blessing of better food came also in time to the other children, and to all.

“So much to come from the right spending of a single penny,” Claire said to him-

self, as he sat and reflected one day. "Who could have believed it!"

And as it was with the poor cobbler, so it will be with all of us. There are little matters of self-denial, which, if we had but the true benevolence, justice, and resolution to practise, would be the beginning of more important acts of a like nature, that, when performed, would bless not only our families, but others, and be returned upon us in a reward of delight incomparably beyond any thing that selfish and sensual indulgences have it in their power to bring.

HOW TO ATTAIN TRUE GREATNESS.

“MY voice shall yet be heard in those halls!” said a young man, whom we will call James Abercrombie, to his friend Harvey Nelson, as the two walked slowly, arm in arm, through the beautiful grounds of the Capitol at Washington.

“Your ambition rises,” Nelson replied, with a smile. “A seat in our State Legislature was, at one time, your highest aim.

“Yes. But as we ascend the mountain, our prospect becomes enlarged. Why should I limit my hopes to any halfway position, when I have only to resolve that I will reach the highest point? I feel, Harvey, that I have within me the power to do any



A TALK ABOUT THE FUTURE.

thing that I choose. And I am resolved that the world shall know me as one of its great men."

"Some, if they were to hear you speak thus, James, might smile at what they would consider a weak and vain assumption. But I know that you have a mind capable of accomplishing great things; that you have only to use the means, and take an elevated position as the natural result. Still I must say, that I do not like the spirit in which you speak of these things."

"Why not?"

"You seem to desire an elevated station more for the glory of filling it, than for the enlarged sphere of usefulness that it must necessarily open to you."

"I do not think, Harvey," his friend replied, "that I am influenced by the mere glory of greatness to press forward. There is something too unsubstantial in that. Look at the advantages that must result to me if I attain a high place."

“In either case, I cannot fully approve your motive.”

“Then, from what motive would you have me act, Harvey? I am sure that I know of none other sufficiently strong to urge me into activity. Both of these have their influence; and, in combination, form the impulse that gives life to my resolutions.”

“There is a much higher, and purer, and more powerful motive, James. A motive to which I have just alluded.”

“What is that?”

“The end of being useful to our fellow-men.”

“You may act from that motive, if you can, Harvey, but I shall not attempt the vain task. It is too high and pure for me.”

“Do not say so. We may attain high motives of action, as well as attain, by great intellectual efforts, high positions in the world.”

“How so?”

“It is a moral law, that any peculiar tendency or quality of the mind grows stronger by indulgence. The converse of the proposition is, of course, true also. You feel, then, that your motives of action are selfish—that they regard your own elevation and honour as first, and good to your neighbour as only secondary. Now, by opposing instead of indulging this propensity to make all things minister to self, it must grow weaker, as a natural consequence. Is not that clear?”

“Why, yes, I believe it is; or at least, the inference is a logical one, though I must confess that I do not see it as an unquestionable truth.”

“That is because your natural feelings are altogether opposed to it.”

“Perhaps so—for undoubtedly they are. I cannot see any thing so very desirable in the motive of which you speak, that I should seek to act from it. There is something tame in the idea of striving only to do good to others.”

“It really pains me to hear you say so,” the friend replied in a serious tone. “But now that we are on this subject, you must pardon me if I attempt to make you see in a rational light the truth that it is a much nobler effort to do good to others, than to seek only our own glory.”

“Well, go on.”

“You have, doubtless, heard the term ‘God-like’ used, as indicating a high degree of excellence in some individual, who has stood prominently before the eyes of his fellow-men?”

“Often.”

“And to your mind it is no doubt clear, that the nearer we can approach the character of the Divine Being, the higher will be the position that we attain?”

“Certainly.”

“And that the purest motives from which we can act, are an approach toward those from which we see Him acting.”

“Certainly.”

“Now, so far as we can judge of His motives of action, as exhibited in His Word and in His Works, do we see a desire manifested to promote His own glory, or to do good to His creatures, and make them happy?”

“Well, I cannot say, at this moment, for I have not thought upon the subject.”

“Suppose, then, we think of it now. It is certainly worth a little serious attention. And first, let us refer to His Word, in which we shall certainly find a transcript of his character. In that, we perceive a constant reference to his nature as being, in one of its principal constituents, *love*. Not love of himself, but love going out in the desire to benefit His creatures. And His wisdom, which infinitely transcends that of man, is ever active in devising means whereby to render those creatures happy. And not only is His love ever burning with the desire to do good to His creatures, and His wisdom ever devising the best means for this end, but His divine

love and His divine wisdom unite in divine activity, producing all that is required to give true happiness to all. In all parts of His Word we discover evidences of the strongest character, which go to prove that such is the nature and activity of the Lord. There could have been no seeking of His own glory, when he assumed a material body, and an infirm human principle, in which were direful hereditary evils, that he might redeem man from the corruptions of his own fallen nature, and from the influence and power of hell. Little glory was ascribed to him by the wicked men who persecuted him, and condemned him, and finally put him to death. But he sought not His own glory. In his works, how clearly displayed is His divine benevolence! I need only direct your thoughts to nature. I need only refer you to the fact that the Lord causes the sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and the rain to fall alike upon the just and the unjust. Even upon those who oppose His

laws, and despise and hate his precepts, does He pour down streams of perpetual blessings. How unlike man—selfish, vain man—ever seeking his own glory.”

“You draw a strong picture, Harvey,” the friend said.

“But is it not a true one?”

“Perhaps so.”

“Very well. Now if we are seeking to be truly great, let us imitate Him who made us and all the glorious things by which we are surrounded. He that would be chief among you, said the Lord to his disciples, let him be your servant. Even He washed his disciples’ feet.”

“Yes, but Harvey, I do not profess to be governed by religious principle. I only account myself a moral man.”

“But there cannot be any true morality without religion.”

“That is a new doctrine.”

“I think not. It seems to me to be as old as the Divine Word of God. To be truly moral is to regard others as well as

ourselves in all our actions. And this we can never do apart from the potency and life of a religious principle."

"But what do you mean by a religious principle?"

"I mean a principle of pure love to the Lord, united with an unselfish love to our neighbour, flowing out in a desire to do him good."

"But no man can have these. It is impossible for any one to feel the unselfish love of which you speak."

"Of course it is, naturally—for man is born into hereditary evils. But if he truly desires to rise out of these evils into a higher and better state, the Lord will be active in his efforts—and in just so far as he truly shuns evils as sins against him, looking to him all the while for assistance, will he remove those evils from their central position in his mind, and then the opposite good of those evils will flow in to take their place, (for spiritually, as well as naturally, there can be no vacuum,) and he will be a new

man. Then, and only then, can he begin to lead truly a moral life. Before, he may be externally moral from mere external restraints; now, he becomes moral from an internal principle. Do you apprehend the difference?"

"Yes, I believe that I do. But I must confess that I cannot see how I am ever to act from the motives you propose. If I wait for them, I shall stand still and do nothing."

"Still, you can make the effort. Every thing must have a beginning. Only let the germ be planted in your mind, and, like the seed that seems so small and insignificant, it will soon exhibit signs of life, and presently shoot up, and put forth its green leaves, and, if fostered, give a permanent strength that will be superior to the power of every tempest of evil principles that may rage against it."

"Your reasonings and analogies are very beautiful, and no doubt true, but I cannot *feel* their force," James Abercrombie said.

with something in his tone and manner so like a distaste for the whole subject, that his friend felt unwilling to press it further upon his attention.

The two young men here introduced had just graduated at one of our first literary institutions, and were about selecting professions. But in doing so, their acknowledged motives were, as may be gathered from what has gone before, very different. The one avowed a determination to be what he called a great man, that he might have the glory of greatness. The other tried to cherish a higher and better motive of action. Abercrombie was not long in deciding upon a profession. His choice was law. And the reason of his choice was, not that he might be useful to his fellow-men, but because in the profession of law he could come in contact with the great mass of the people in a way to make just such an impression upon them as he wished. In the practice of law, too, he could bring out his powers of oratory, and cultivate a

habit of public speaking. It would, in fact, be a school in which to prepare himself for a broader sphere of action in the legislative halls of his country; for, at no point below a seat in the national legislature, did his ambition rest.

"You have made your choice, I presume, before this," he said to his friend Harvey, in allusion to this subject.

"Indeed, I have not," was the reply. "And I never felt so much at a loss how to make a decision in my life."

"Well, I should think that you might decide very readily. I found no difficulty."

"Then you have settled that matter?"

"Oh, certainly; the law is to be my sphere of action—or rather, my stepping-stone to a higher place."

"I cannot so easily decide the matter!"

"Why not? If you study law, you will rise, inevitably. And in this profession, there is a much broader field of action for a man of talent, than there is in any other profession."

“Perhaps you are right. But the difficult question with me is—‘Can I be as useful in it?’”

“Nonsense, Harvey! Do put away these foolish notions. If you don’t, they will be the ruin of you.”

“I hope not. But if they do, I shall be ruined in a good cause.”

“I am really afraid, Harvey,” Abercrombie said in a serious tone, “that you affect these ultra sentiments, or are self-deceived. It is my opinion that no man can act from such motives as you declare to be yours.”

“I did not know that I had declared myself governed by such motives. To say that, I know, would be saying too much, for I am painfully conscious of the existence and activity of motives very opposite. But what I mean to say is, that I am so clearly convinced that the motives of which I speak are the true ones, that I will not permit myself to come wholly under the influence of such as are opposite.

And that is why I find a difficulty in choosing a profession. If I would permit myself to think only of rising in the world, for the sake of the world's estimation, I should not hesitate long. But I am afraid of confirming what I feel to be evil. And therefore it is that I am resolved to compel myself to choose from purer ends."

"Then you are no longer a free agent."

"Why not?"

"Because, in that kind of compulsion, you cease to act from freedom."

"Is it right, James, for us to compel ourselves to do right when we are inclined to do wrong? Certainly there is more freedom in being able to resist evil, than in being bound by it hand and foot, so as to be its passive slave."

"You are a strange reasoner, Harvey."

"If my conclusions are not rational, controvert them."

"And have to talk for ever?"

"No doubt you would, James, to drive

me from positions that are to me as true as that the sun shines in heaven."

"Exactly; and therefore it is useless to argue with you. But, to drop that point of the subject, to what profession do you most incline?"

"To law."

"Then why not choose it?"

"Perhaps I shall. But I wish first to define with myself my own position. I must understand truly upon what ground I stand, or I will not move forward one inch."

"Well, you must define your own position for yourself, for I don't see that I can help you much." And there the subject was dropped.

It was some time before the debate in Harvey's mind was decided. His predilections were all in favour of the law—but in thinking of it, ambition and purely selfish views would arise in his mind, and cause him to hesitate, for he did not wish to act

from them. At last he decided to become a law student, with the acknowledgment to himself that he had low and selfish motives in his mind, but with the determination to oppose them and put them away whenever they should arise into activity. Under this settled principle of action, he entered upon the study of the profession he had chosen.

Thus, with two opposite leading motives did the young men commence life. Let us see the result of these motives upon their characters and success after the lapse of ten years. Let us see which is farthest on the road to true greatness. Both, in an ardent and untiring devotion to the duties of their profession, had already risen to a degree of eminence, as lawyers, rarely attained under double the number of years of patient toil. But there was a difference in the estimation in which both were held by those who could discriminate. And this was apparent in the character of the cases referred to them. A doubtful case, involving

serious considerations, was almost certain to be placed in the hands of Abercrombie, for his acuteness and tact, and determination to succeed at all hazards, if possible, made him a very desirable advocate under these circumstances. Indeed, he often said that he would rather have a bad cause to plead than a good one, for there was some "honour" in success where every thing was against the case. On the contrary, in the community where Harvey had settled, but few thought of submitting to him a case that had not equity upon its side; and in such a case, he was never known to fail. He did not seek to bewilder the minds of a jury or of the court by sophistry, or to confuse a witness by paltry tricks; but his course was straightforward and manly, evolving the truth at every step with a clearness that made it apparent to all.

"It's all your fault," said an unsuccessful client to him one day in an angry tone.

"No, sir, it was the fault of your cause. It was a bad one."

“But I should have gained it, if you had mystified that stupid witness, as you could easily enough have done.”

“Perhaps I might; but I did not choose to do that.”

“It was your duty, sir, as an advocate, to use every possible means to gain the cause of your client.”

“Not dishonest means, remember. Bring me a good cause, and I will do you justice. But when you place me in a position where success can only be had in the violation of another's rights, I will always regard justice first. Right and honour have the first claims upon me—my client the next.”

“It's the last cause you will ever have of mine, then,” replied the angry client.

“And most certainly the last I want, if you have no higher claims than those you presented in the present instance.”

About the same time that this incident occurred, an individual, indicted for a large robbery, sent for Lawyer Abercrombie. That individual came to the prisoner's cell,

and held a preliminary interview with him.

“And the first thing to be done, if I take charge of your case,” said the lawyer, “is for you to make a clean confession to me of every thing. You know that the law protects you in this. It is necessary that I may know exactly the ground upon which we stand, that I may keep the prosecution at fault.”

The prisoner, in answer to this, made promptly a full confession of his guilt, and stated where a large portion of the property he had taken was concealed.

“And now,” said he, after his confession, “do you think that you can clear me?”

“Oh yes, easily enough, if I have sufficient inducement to devote myself to the case.”

“Will five thousand dollars secure your best efforts?”

“Yes.”

“Very well. The day after I am cleared, I will place that sum in your hands.”

“You shall be cleared,” was the positive answer. And he was cleared. Justice was subverted—property to a large value lost—and an accomplished villain turned loose upon the community, by the venal tact and eloquence of a skilful lawyer.

In these two instances we have an exhibition of the characters of the two individuals, ripening for maturity. Both possessing fine talents, both were eminent, both successful,—but the one was a curse, and the other a blessing to society. And all this, because their ends of life were different.

Time passed on, and Abercrombie, as the mere tool of a political party, elected by trick and management, under circumstances humiliating to a man of feeling and principle, became a representative in the State legislature. But he was a representative, and this soothing opiate to his ambition quieted every unpleasant emotion. Conscious, in the state of political feeling, that there was little or no possible chance

of maintaining even his present elevation, much less of rising higher, unless he became pliant in the hands of those who had elected him, he suffered all ideas of the general good to recede from his mind, and gave himself up wholly to furthering the schemes and interested views of his own party. By this means, he was enabled to maintain his position. But what a sacrifice for an honourable, high-minded man! A few years in the State legislature, where he was an active member, prepared him for going up higher. He was, accordingly, nominated for Congress, and elected, but by the same means that had accomplished all of his previous elections. And he went there under the mistaken idea that he was becoming a great man, when it was not with any particular reference to his fitness for becoming a representative of one section of the country for the good of the whole that he was sent there, but as a fit tool for the performance of selfish party ends. Thus he became the exponent in

Congress of the same principles that he had laid down for his own government, viz. such as were thoroughly selfish and interested.

In the course of time, it so happened that, as eminent lawyers, the two individuals we have introduced were again thrown together as inhabitants of the same city, and became practitioners at the same bar. At first, Abercrombie did not fear Harvey; but he soon learned that, as an opponent, not even he could gain over him, unless his cause were just. For some years Abercrombie went regularly to Congress, usually elected over the opposing candidate by a large majority—for his party far outnumbered the other. At length the time seemed to have arrived for him to take another step. The senatorial term for the district in which he lived was about to expire, and there was to be an election for a United States senator. For this vacancy he was nominated as a candidate by his party, and as that was the strongest party, he looked confidently for

an election. The opposing interest cast about them for some time, and at last fixed upon Harvey, who, after mature deliberation, accepted the nomination.

It is needless here to recapitulate the principles which governed these two individuals; they have already been fully stated. At the time that they became rivals for a high station, each had confirmed in himself the views of life expressed many years before, and was acting them out fully. One was thoroughly selfish—the other strove to regard, in all that he did, the good of others.

A few months before the day of election, a woman dressed in deep mourning came into the office of Mr. Harvey. She stated that she was a widow with a large family—that her husband had been dead about a year, and that the executor of her husband's estate, formerly his partner in business, was about to deprive her of all the property that had been left to her for the maintenance of her family and the educa-

tion of her children, under the plea that there were, in reality, no assets, after the settlement of the estate.

“Well, madam, what do you wish done?” asked Mr. Harvey, a good deal interested in the woman’s case.

“I want justice, sir, and no more. If there are really no assets, then I want nothing. But if there is, as I am confident that there must be a handsome property really due me, then I wish my rights maintained. Will you undertake my case?”

“Certainly I will, madam; and if there is justice on your side, will see that justice is done.”

Accordingly, suit was brought against the executor, who at once employed Abercrombie, with the promise of a large fee, if he gained the cause for him.

By some means, the facts of the case, or at least that such a case was to come up, became known through the medium of the newspapers, and also that the two rival candidates were to be opposed to each

other. Much interest was excited, and when the trial came on, the court-room was crowded. The case occupied the attention of the court for three days, during which time Abercrombie made some of the most brilliant speeches that had ever fallen from his lips. He managed his case, too, with a tact, spirit, and sagacity, unusual even for him, as keen a lawyer as he was. To all this, Harvey opposed a steady, clear, and rational mode of presenting the claims of the individual he represented, so that conviction attended him at every step. It was in vain that Abercrombie would tear into tatters the lucid arguments, full of calm and truthful positions, that he presented—he would gather them all up again, and present them in new and still more convincing forms. At every step of the trial, it was plainly evident to all, opponents and friends, that Abercrombie cared solely for success in his cause, and nothing for justice; and as the sympathies of nearly all were in favour of the widow, his manner of con-

ducting the case was exceedingly offensive to nearly every one. On the contrary, in Harvey, all could see a deep and conscientious regard for justice. He never took any undue advantage of his opponent, and resorted to no tricks and feints to blind and confuse him, but steadily presented the justice of the side he argued, in bold and strong relief, against the evident, wicked injustice of the defendant.

At last the trial came to a close, and the whole case was submitted to the jury, who decided that the widow's cause was just. This righteous decision was received by a universal burst of applause. Abercrombie was deeply chagrined at the result, and this feeling was apparent to all—so apparent, that nearly every one, friends and enemies, were indignant. In an electioneering handbill, which came out in two or three days afterward, was this appeal:—

“Why do we send a man to the Senate-chamber of the United States? To legislate

from generous and enlarged principles, or to be a narrow, selfish seeker of his own glory? Do we want the generous philanthropist there—the man who loves justice for its own sake—the man of strong natural powers, rendered stronger and clearer by honest principles?—or the narrow-minded timeserver—the man who would sacrifice any thing, even the liberties of his country, for a selfish end—the legal oppressor of the widow and the fatherless? Need these questions be answered from honest, high-souled voters? No! let every man answer for himself, when he goes to assert the rights of a freeman.”

This, and similar appeals, added to the general disapprobation already felt, completed the work. Harvey was elected to fill the vacant seat in the Senate for the ensuing six years, by a majority of double the votes polled for Abercrombie.

From that time, the latter took his position as a third-rate man. Indeed, he never afterward reached even to the House of

Representatives at Washington, while Harvey still retains his place in the Senate-chamber, one of the most esteemed and valuable members of that distinguished body.

No man, we would remark, in closing this sketch, can ever be a truly great man, who is not a good man. The mere selfishness of ambition defeats its own ends; while the generous impulse to do good to others, gives to every man a power and an influence that must be felt and appreciated.

THE FAIR COURIER.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

FORT MOTTE, Fort Granby, Fort Watson, the fort at Orangeburg, and every other post in South Carolina, except Charleston and Ninety-Six, had yielded successively to the American arms, under the command of Greene, Sumter, Marion, and Lee; and now General Greene turned all his energies to the reduction of Ninety-Six, giving orders at the same time, for General Sumter to remain in the country south and west of the Congaree, so as to cut off all communication between Lord Rawdon, who was at Charleston awaiting reinforcements from England, and Colonel Cruger, who was in command at Ninety-Six.



GENERAL GREEN AND MISS GEIGER.

Day after day the siege of Ninety-Six went on, the Americans slowly approaching the fort by a series of works constructed under the superintendence of Kosciusko, and Cruger still holding out in expectations of reinforcements from Charleston, although not a single word of intelligence from Lord Rawdon had reached him since the investment of the post which he held with so much bravery and perseverance.

On the 3d of June, the long-expected reinforcement from England reached Lord Rawdon, and on the 7th he started for the relief of Colonel Cruger with a portion of three Irish regiments, and was joined soon after by the South Carolina royalists, swelling his force to two thousand men. But all his efforts to transmit intelligence of his approach to the beleaguered garrison at Ninety-Six proved unavailing. His messengers were intercepted by Sumter and Marion, who held possession of the intermediate region.

On the 11th of June, General Greene received intelligence from General Sumter of the approach of Rawdon. Directing Sumter to keep in front of the enemy, he reinforced him with all his cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, and urged him to use every means in his power to delay the advancing British army, until he should be able to complete the investment of the fort at Ninety-Six, and compel it to surrender. Then with renewed diligence he pressed the siege, hoping to obtain a capitulation before Colonel Cruger should receive news of the approaching succour, and thus break up, with the exception of Charleston, the last rallying point of the enemy in South Carolina. But the commander of the fort was ever on the alert to make good his defences and to annoy and retard the besiegers in every possible way; and, though ignorant of the near approach of aid, he would listen to no overtures for a capitulation.

One evening, while affairs retained this

aspect, a countryman rode along the American lines, conversing familiarly with the officers and soldiers on duty. No particular notice was taken of this, as, from the beginning of the siege, the friends of our cause were permitted to enter the camp and go wherever their curiosity happened to lead them. The individual here mentioned moved along, seemingly much interested with all he saw and heard, until he arrived at the great road leading directly to the town, in which quarter were only some batteries thrown up for the protection of the guards. Pausing here for a few moments, he glanced cautiously around him, and then, suddenly putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at full speed into the town. Seeing this, the guard and sentinels opened their fire upon him, but he escaped unhurt, holding up a letter as soon as he was out of danger. The garrison, which had observed this movement, understood its meaning, and the gates were instantly thrown open to receive the messenger, who

proved to be from Lord Rawdon, and brought the welcome intelligence of his near approach.

Hoping still to reduce the fort before the arrival of Lord Rawdon, General Greene urged on the work of investment, and by every means in his power sought to weaken the garrison, so as to make victory certain when all was ready for the final assault. But before he had accomplished his task, a messenger from Sumter arrived with the unwelcome intelligence that Rawdon had succeeded in passing him and was pushing on rapidly for Ninety-Six. The crisis had now come. Greene must either hazard an assault upon the fort ere his works were in complete readiness, risk a battle with Rawdon, or retire over the Saluda, and thus give confidence and strength to the tories and royalist army. His first determination was to meet the relieving army under Rawdon, but every thing depending on his not giving the enemy, at this particular crisis of affairs in the South, a victory, and

seeing that his force was much inferior to that of the British, he resolved to make an attack upon the fort, and, if not successful in reducing it, to retire with his army toward North Carolina before Rawdon came up.

The 18th of June, 1781, was the day chosen for this assault. But made, as it was, with the besiegers' works incomplete, though the men fought with desperate courage, the fort was successfully defended, and General Greene ordered his troops to retire, after they had suffered the loss of one hundred and eighty-five killed and wounded.

Nothing was now left but retreat. For some twenty-six days the besieging army had been at work before the fort, and in three days more all their arrangements would have been completed and the post have fallen into their hands. It was therefore deeply mortifying and dispiriting to be forced to retire, just as success was about crowning their efforts. But far-seeing, prudent, and

looking more to future results than present triumphs, General Greene, on the 19th, commenced retreating toward the Saluda, which river he passed in safety, and moved forward with all possible despatch for the Enoree. Before his rear-guard had left the south side of this river, the van of Lord Rawdon's army appeared in pursuit. But the British commander hesitated to make an attack upon Greene's cavalry, which was under the command of Lee and Colonel Washington, and was a brave, well-disciplined, and superior troop, and so permitted them to pass the Enoree unmolested. While Lord Rawdon paused at this point, undetermined which course to pursue, General Greene moved on toward the Broad River, where he halted and made his encampment.

Such was the aspect of affairs at the time our story begins—a story of woman's self-devotion and heroism. Near the place where General Greene had halted with his weary and disheartened troops, stood the

unpretending residence of a country farmer in moderate circumstances. His name was Geiger. He was a true friend of the American cause, and, but for ill health, that rendered him unable to endure the fatigues of the camp, would have been under arms in defence of his country. The deep interest felt in the cause of liberty by Geiger, made him ever on the alert for information touching the progress of affairs in his State, and the freedom with which he expressed his opinions created him hosts of enemies among the evil-minded tories with whom he was surrounded. Geiger had an only daughter, eighteen years of age, who was imbued with her father's spirit.

“If I were only a man!” she would often say, when intelligence came of British or tory outrages, or when news was brought of some reverse to the American arms. “If I were only a man! that I could fight for my country.”

On the third day of General Greene's en-

campment near the residence of Geiger, a neighbour dropped in.

“What news?” asked the farmer.

“Lord Rawdon has determined to abandon the fort at Ninety-Six.”

“Are you certain?”

“Yes. General Greene received the information this morning. Rawdon has despatched intelligence to Colonel Stuart to advance with his regiment from Charleston to Friday’s Ferry on the Congaree, where he will join him immediately. He leaves Cruger at Ninety-Six, who is to move, as soon as possible, with his bloody tory recruits and their property, and take a route that will put the Edisto between him and our forces. Moving down the southern bank of this river to Orangeburg, he will thence make a junction with Rawdon at Friday’s Ferry.”

“Then they will divide their force?” said Geiger eagerly.

“Yes.”

“And giving Greene an advantage by which he will not be slow to profit. Cru-ger will not be a day on the march before our general will make his acquaintance.”

“No,” replied the neighbour. “If I heard aright, it is General Greene’s intention to pursue Rawdon, and strike a more decisive blow.”

“Why did he not encounter him at the Saluda, when the opportunity offered?”

“General Sumter was not with him.”

“Nor is he now.”

“And, I fear, will not join him, as he so much desires.”

“For what reason?” inquired Geiger.

“He finds no one willing to become bearer of despatches. The country between this and Sumter’s station on the Wateree, is full of the enemies of our cause—blood-thirsty Tories, elated by the defeat of our arms at Ninety-Six—who will to a certainty murder any man who undertakes the journey. I would not go on the mission for my weight in gold.”

“And can no man be found to risk his life for his country, even on so perilous a service?” said the farmer in a tone of surprise, not unmingled with mortification.

“None. The effort to reach Sumter would be fruitless. The bravest man will hesitate to throw his life away.”

“God protects those who devote themselves to the good of their country,” said Geiger. “If I could bear the fatigue of the journey, I would not shrink from the service an instant.”

“You would commit an act of folly.”

“No—of true devotion to my country,” replied the farmer warmly. “But,” he added in a saddened voice, “what boots it that I am willing for the task. These feeble limbs refuse to bear me on the journey.”

Emily Geiger, the daughter, heard all this with feelings of intense interest; and as she had often said before, so she said now, in the silence of her spirit: “Oh that I were a man!” But she was simply a young and tender girl, and her patriotic

heart could only throb with noble feelings, while her hands were not able to strike a blow for her country.

“If I were only a man!” murmured the young girl again and again, as she mused on what she had heard, long after the neighbour had departed.

In the mean time, General Greene, who had heard through messengers from Colonel Lee of the proposed abandonment of Ninety-six, and the division of the British and tory forces, was making preparations to retrace his steps, and strike, if possible, a decisive blow against Lord Rawdon. In order to make certain of victory, it was necessary to inform Sumter of his designs, and effect a junction with him before attacking the enemy. But, thus far, no one offered to perform the dangerous service.

On the morning of the day upon which the army was to commence retracing its steps, General Greene sat in his tent lost in deep thought. Since taking command of the southern army, he had been struggling at

every disadvantage with a powerful enemy, whose disciplined troops were daily strengthened by citizens of the country, lost to every feeling of true patriotism; and now, having weakened that enemy, he felt eager to strike a blow that would destroy him. But, with the force that he could command, it was yet a doubtful question whether an engagement would result in victory to the American arms. If he could effect a junction with Sumter before Lord Rawdon reached Friday's Ferry on the Congaree, he had great hopes of success. But the great difficulty was to get a messenger to Sumter, who was distant between one and two hundred miles. While the general was pondering these things, an officer entered and said—

“A young country girl is before the tent, and wishes to speak with you.”

“Tell her to come in,” replied the general.

The officer withdrew, and in a few moments reappeared in company with a young

girl, dressed in a closely fitting habit, carrying a small whip in her hand. She curtsied respectfully as she entered.

The general arose as the maiden stepped inside of his tent, and returned her salutation.

"General Greene?" inquired the fair stranger.

The officer bowed.

"I have been told," said the visitor, the colour deepening in her face, "that you are in want of a bearer of despatches to General Sumter."

"I am," replied the general. "But I find no one courageous enough to undertake the perilous mission."

"Send me," said the maiden. And she drew her slight form upward proudly.

"Send you!" exclaimed the general, taken by surprise. "You? Oh no, child! I could not do that. It is a journey from which brave men hold back."

"I am not a brave man. I am only a woman. But I will go."

“Touched by such an unlooked-for incident, General Greene, after pausing for some moments, said—

“Will you go on this journey alone?”

“Give me a fleet horse, and I will bear your message safely.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

“What is your name?” inquired the officer, after another thoughtful pause.

“Emily Geiger.”

“Is your father living?”

“Yes.”

“Have you his consent?”

“He knows nothing of my intention. But he loves his country, and, but for ill health, would be now bearing arms against their enemies. His heart is with the good cause, though his arm is powerless. His head must approve the act, though his heart might fail him were I to ask his consent. But it is not for you, general, to hesitate. Heaven has sent you a messenger, and you dare not refuse to accept

the proffered service when so much is at stake."

"Noble girl!" said the general, with emotion, "you shall go. And may God speed you and protect you on your journey."

"He will!" murmured the intrepid girl, in a low voice.

"Order a swift, but well-trained and gentle horse to be saddled immediately," said Greene to the officer who had conducted the maiden into his presence.

The officer retired, and Emily seated herself while the general wrote a hasty despatch for Sumter. This, after it was completed, he read over to her twice, in order that, if compelled to destroy it, she might yet deliver the message verbally, and then asked her to repeat to him its contents. She did so accurately. He then gave her minute directions with regard to the journey, with instructions how to act in case she was intercepted by the soldiers of Lord Rawdon, to all of which she listened with deep attention.

“And now, my good girl,” said the general, with an emotion that he could not conceal, as he handed her the despatch, “I commit to your care this important message. Every thing depends on its safe delivery. Here is money for your expenses on the journey,” and he reached her a purse. But Emily drew back, saying—

“I have money in my pocket. Keep what you have. You will need it, and more, for your country.”

At this point, the officer re-entered the tent, and announced that the horse was ready.

“And so am I,” said Emily, as she stepped out into the open air. Already a whisper of what was going on in the general’s quarters had passed through the camp, and many officers and men had gathered before his tent to see the noble-minded girl as she came forth to start upon her dangerous journey.

There was no sign of fear about the fair young maiden, as she placed her foot in the

hand of an officer and sprang upon the saddle. Her face was calm, her eyes slightly elevated, and her lips gently compressed with resolution. General Greene stood near her. He extended his hand as soon she had firmly seated herself and grasped the reins of the noble animal upon which she was mounted.

“*God speed you on your journey, and may heaven and your country reward you,*” said he, as he held her hand tightly. Then, as if impelled by a sudden emotion, he pressed the fair hand to his lips, and turning away sought the seclusion of his tent, deeply moved by so unexpected and touching an instance of heroism in one who was little more than a child. As he did so, the officer, who had until now held the horse by the bridle, released his grasp, and Emily, touching her rein, spoke to the animal upon which she was mounted. Obeying the word instantly he sprang away, bearing the fair young courier from the camp, and moved rapidly in a south-westerly di-

rection. Officers and men gazed after her, but no wild shout of admiration went up to the skies. On some minds pressed, painfully, thoughts of the peril that lay in the path of the brave girl; others, rebuked by her noble self-devotion, retired to their tents and refrained from communion with their fellows on the subject that engrossed every thought; while others lost all present enthusiasm in their anxiety for the success of the mission.

About five miles from the encampment of General Greene, lived one of the most active and bitter tories in all South Carolina. His name was Loire. He was ever on the alert for information, and had risked much in his efforts to give intelligence to the enemy. Two of his sons were under arms at Ninety-Six, on the British side, and he had himself served against his country at Camden. Since the encampment of General Greene in his neighbourhood, Loire had been daily in communication with spies who were kept hovering in his vici-

nity, in order to pick up information that might be of importance to the British.

Some four hours after Emily Geiger had started on her journey, one of Loire's spies reached the house of his employer.

"What news?" asked the tory, who saw, by the man's countenance, that he had something of importance to communicate.

"The rebel Greene has found a messenger to carry his despatch to Sumter."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; and she has been on her journey some four or five hours."

"She?"

"Yes. That girl of Geiger's went to the camp this morning and volunteered for the service."

"The ——!" But we will not stain our pages with a record of the profane and brutal words that fell from the lips of the tory.

"She has the swiftest horse in the camp," said the man, "and unless instant pursuit is given, she will soon be out of our reach."

With a bitter oath, Loire swore that she should never reach the camp of Sumter.

"Take Vulcan," said he in a quick, energetic voice, "and kill him but what you overtake the huzzy, between this and Morgan's Range."

"She has nearly five hours' start," replied the man.

"But you must make two miles to her one."

"Even then she will be most likely ahead of the Range ere I can reach there."

"Very well. In that case you must start Bill Mink after her, with a fresh horse. I will give you a letter, which you will place in his hands should you fail to overtake the girl."

With these instructions, the man started in pursuit. He was mounted on a large, strong horse, who bore his rider as lightly as if he had been a child.

In the mean time, Emily, who had received minute information in regard to her journey, and who was, moreover, no stran-

ger to the way, having been twice to Camden, struck boldly into the dense forest through which she was to pass, and moved along a bridle track at as swift a pace as the animal she rode could bear without too great fatigue. The importance of the work upon which she had entered, and the enthusiasm with which it inspired her, kept her heart above the influence of fear. No event of moment happened to her during the first day of her journey. In passing a small settlement known as Morgan's Range, which she did at about four o'clock in the afternoon, she took the precaution to sweep around it in a wide circle, as some of the most active and evil-minded Tories in the state resided in that neighbourhood. Successful in making this circuit, she resumed the road upon which her course lay, still urging forward her faithful animal, which, though much fatigued by the rapidity of his journey, obeyed the word of his rider, as if he comprehended the importance of the message she bore.

Gradually, now, the day declined, and, as the deep shadows mingled more and more with each other, a feeling of loneliness, not before experienced, came over the mind of Emily, and her eyes were cast about more warily, as if she feared the approach of danger. The house at which she had proposed to spend the night was still ten miles, if not more, in advance, and as the shades of evening began to gather around, the hope of reaching this resting-place was abandoned; for there being no moon, there was danger of her losing her way in the darkness. This conviction was so strong, that Emily turned her horse's head in the direction of the first farmyard that came in view after the sun had fallen below the horizon. As she rode up to the door, she was met by a man, who, accosting her kindly, asked where she was from and how far she was going.

"I hoped to reach Elwood's to-night," replied Emily. "How far away is it?"

"Over ten miles—and the road is bad

and lonely," said the man, whose wife had by this time joined him. "You had better get down and stay with us 'till morning."

"If you will give me that privilege," returned the maiden, "I shall feel greatly obliged."

The man promptly offered his hand to assist Emily to dismount, and while he led her tired horse away, his wife invited her to enter the house.

"Have you come far?" inquired the woman, as she untied Emily's bonnet strings, looking very earnestly in her face as she spoke.

Emily knew not whether she were among the friends or the enemies of the American cause, and her answer was, therefore, brief and evasive.

"Your horse looked very tired. You must have ridden him a long distance.

"I rode fast," said Emily. "But still, I have not been able to reach the place for which I started this morning."

"It's hardly safe for a young girl like

you to take such a long journey alone, in these troublesome times."

"I'm not afraid. No one will harm me," said Emily, forcing a smile.

"I'm not so certain of that, child. It's only a day or two since Greene passed here in full retreat, and no doubt, there are many straggling vagabonds from his army roaming around, whom it would not be safe for one like you to meet."

As the woman said this, a chill went over the frame of the young girl, for, in the tone of her voice and expression of her face, she read an unfriendliness to the cause that was so dear to her heart. She did not venture a reply.

"Might I ask your name?" said the woman, breaking in upon the anxious thoughts that were beginning to pass through her mind.

Emily reflected hurriedly, before replying, and then answered, "Gieger."

The quick conclusion to which she came was, that, in all probability, the woman

did not know any thing about her father as favouring the whig cause ; but, even if she did, a suspicion of the errand upon which she was going was not likely to cross either her own mind or that of her husband.

“ Not John Geiger’s daughter ! ” exclaimed the woman.

Emily forced an indifferent smile and replied—

“ Yes.”

“ I’ve heard of him often enough as a bitter enemy to the royalists. Is it possible you have ridden all the way from home to-day ? ”

Before Emily replied, the husband of the woman came in.

“ Would you think it,” said the latter, “ this is John’s Geiger’s daughter, of whom we have so often heard.”

“ Indeed ! Well, if she were the daughter of my bitterest enemy, she should have food and shelter to-night. No wonder your horse is tired,” he added, addressing Emily

“if you have ridden from home to-day. And, no doubt, you are yourself hungry as well as tired; so wife, if it is all ready, suppose we have supper.”

The movement to the supper-table gave Emily time for reflection and self-possession. No more pointed questions were asked her during the meal; and after it was completed, she said to the woman that she felt much fatigued, and, if she would permit her to do so, would retire for the night.

The young girl's reflections were by no means pleasant when alone. She thought seriously of the position in which she was placed. Her father was known as an active whig; and she was in the house of a tory, who might suspect her errand and prevent its consummation. After retiring to bed, she mused for a long time as to the course to be taken, in case efforts were made to detain her, when, overwearied nature, claiming its due repose, locked all her senses in sleep.

Nearly two hours after Emily had gone

to her chamber, and just as the man and woman who had given her a shelter for the night, were about retiring, the sound of a horse's feet were heard rapidly approaching the house. On going to the door, a young man rode up and called out in a familiar way—

“Hallo, Preston! Have you seen anything of a stray young girl in these parts?”

“Bill Mink!” returned the farmer. “What in the world brings you here at this time of night?”

“On a fool's errand, it may be. I received a letter from Loire, about an hour ago, stating that Geiger's daughter had volunteered to carry important despatches to General Sumter; that she had been on the journey some hours; and that I must over-haul her at the risk of every thing.”

“It isn't possible!” said the wife of the man called Preston.

“It is, though; and it strikes me that she must be a confounded clever girl.”

“It strikes me so, too,” returned Preston.

"But I rather think your errand will be that of a fool, if you go any farther to-night."

"Have you seen any thing of the jade?" asked Mink in a decided tone.

"Well, perhaps I have," returned Preston, lowering his voice.

"Aha!" ejaculated Mink, throwing himself from his horse. "So I have got on the right track. She is here?"

"I did not say so."

"No matter. It is all the same," and, hitching his horse to the fence, the young man entered the house with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

The sound of the horse's feet, as Mink came dashing up to the house, awakened Emily. The room she occupied being on the ground-floor, and the window raised to admit the cool air, she heard every word that passed. It may well be supposed that her heart sank in her bosom. For a long time after the new-comer entered, she heard the murmur of voices. Then some one

went out, and the horse was led away to the stable. It was clear that the individual in search of her had concluded to pass the night there, and secure her in the morning.

The intrepid girl now bent all her thoughts on the possibility of making an escape. An hour she lay, with her heart almost fluttering in her bosom, listening intently to every sound that was made by those who were around her. At length all became still. Preston and his wife, as well as the new-comer, had retired to rest, and the heavy slumber into which both the men had fallen was made soon apparent by their heavy breathing.

Noiselessly leaving her bed, Emily put on her clothes in haste, and pushed aside the curtain that had been drawn before the window. Through the distant tree-tops she saw the newly-risen moon shining feebly. As she stood, leaning out of the window, listening eagerly, and debating the question whether she should venture forth

in the silent midnight, a large house-dog, who was on the watch while his master slept, came up, and laying his great head upon the window-sill, looked into her face. Emily patted him, and the dog wagged his tail, seeming much pleased with the notice.

No longer hesitating, the girl sprang lightly from the window, and, accompanied by the dog, moved noiselessly in the direction of the stable. Here she was for some time at a loss to determine which of the half-dozen horses it contained had borne her thus far on her journey; and it was equally hard to find, in the dark, the bridle and saddle for which she sought. But all these difficulties were at length surmounted, and she led forth the obedient animal. Making as wide a circuit from the house as possible, Emily succeeded in gaining the road without awakening any one. Up to this time, the dog had kept closely by her side; but, when she mounted the horse and moved away, he stood looking at her until she passed out of sight,



ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE OF PRESTON, THE TORY.

and then returned to his post at the farmhouse.

The danger she had left behind made Emily almost insensible to the loneliness of her situation; and the joy she felt at her escape scarcely left room for fear in her heart. Day had hardly begun to break, when she reached the house of an old friend of her father's, where she had intended to pass the night. To him she confided the nature of her journey, and told of the narrow escape she had made. A hasty meal was provided for her, and, ere the sun passed above the horizon, mounted on a strong and fresh horse, she was sweeping away on her journey. A letter from this friend to a staunch whig, residing twenty miles distant, procured her another horse.

More than two-thirds of the distance she had to go was safely passed over ere the sun went down again, and she was riding along, with some doubt as to where she would rest for the night, when three men, dressed in the British uniform, came sud-

denly in view, directly ahead of her. To turn and go back would be of no avail. So she rode on, endeavouring to keep a brave heart. On coming up to her, the soldiers reined up their horses, and addressed her with rude familiarity. She made no reply, but endeavoured to pass on, when one of them laid hold of her bridle. Escape being hopeless, Emily answered the questions asked of her in such a way as she deemed prudent. Not satisfied with the account she gave of herself, they told her that Lord Rawdon was encamped about a mile distant, and that she must go before him, as it was plain she was a rebel, and most probably a spy.

On being brought into the presence of the British officer, Emily was interrogated closely as to where she had come from, whither she was going, and the nature of her errand. She would not utter a direct falsehood, and her answers, being evasive, only created stronger suspicions against her in the mind of Lord Rawdon.

“We’ll find a way to the truth!” he at length exclaimed impatiently, after trying in vain to get some satisfactory statement from the firm-hearted girl, who did not once lose her presence of mind during the trying interview. “Take her over to my quarters at the farm-house, and see that she don’t escape you.”

The officer to whom this command was given removed Emily, under a guard, to a house near at hand, and locked her in one of the rooms. The moment she was alone, she took from her pocket a pair of scissors, and hurriedly ripping open a part of her dress, took therefrom a small piece of paper, folded and sealed. This was the despatch she was bearing to General Sumter. To crumple it in her hand and throw it from the window was her first impulse; but her ear caught the sound of a sentinel’s tread, and that idea was abandoned. Hurriedly glancing around in the dim twilight, she sought in vain for some mode of hiding the despatch, which, if found upon her, betrayed

every thing. That her person would be searched, she had good reason to believe; and, in all probability, every part of the room would be searched also. To hesitate long would be to make discovery sure. Every moment she expected some one to enter. While she stood irresolute, a thought glanced through her mind, and acting upon it instantly, she tore off a part of the despatch, and thrusting it into her mouth, chewed and swallowed it. Another and another piece disappeared in the same way; but, ere the whole was destroyed, the door opened, and a woman entered. Turning her back quickly, Emily crowded all that remained of the paper in her mouth, and covering her face tightly with her hands, held them there, as if weeping, until the last particle of the tell-tale despatch had disappeared. Then turning to the woman who had addressed her repeatedly, she said in a calm voice—

“By what authority am I detained and shut up a prisoner in this room?”

“By the authority of Lord Rawdon,” replied the woman in a severe tone.

“He might find work more befitting the position of his noble lordship, I should think,” returned Emily, with ill-concealed contempt, “than making prisoners of young girls, who, while travelling the highway, happen to be so unfortunate as to fall in with his scouts.”

“You’d better keep your saucy tongue still, or it may get its owner into a worse trouble,” replied the woman promptly. “You are suspected of being the bearer of a message from the rebel General Greene, and my business is to find the despatch, if any exist upon your person.”

“You must think the general poorly off for men,” replied Emily.

“No matter what we think, Miss Pert. You are suspected, as I said; and, I should infer from your manner, not without good cause. Are you willing that I should search your person for evidence to confirm our suspicion?”

“Certainly; though I should be better pleased to see one of my sex engaged in a more honourable employment.”

“Be silent,” exclaimed the woman angrily, as she stamped her foot upon the floor. She then commenced searching the young girl’s person, during which operation Emily could not resist the temptation she felt to let a cutting word fall now and then from her ready tongue; which was hardly prudent for one in her situation.

The search, of course, elicited nothing that could fix upon her the suspicion of being a messenger from the rebel army.

“Are you satisfied?” inquired Emily, as she re-arranged her dress after the ordeal had been passed. She spoke with the contempt she felt. The woman made no reply; but went out in silence, taking with her the light she had brought into the room, and leaving Emily alone and in darkness. For nearly half an hour, the latter sat awaiting her return; but during that period no one approached her room, nor

was there any movement about the house that she could interpret as having a reference to herself. At last the heavy tread of a man was heard ascending the stairs; a key was applied to the door of her room, and a soldier appeared. Just behind him stood a female with a light in her hand.

“Lord Rawdon wishes to see you,” said the soldier.

Emily followed him in silence. In a large room below, seated at the table with several officers, was Lord Rawdon. Emily was brought before him. After asking her a variety of questions, all of which the wary girl managed to answer so as not to violate the truth, and yet allay suspicion, he said to her—“As the night has fallen, you will not, of course, thinking of proceeding on your journey?”

Emily reflected for some time before answering. She then said—

“If your lordship do not object, I would like to go back a short distance. I have

friends living on the road, not far from your camp."

"How far?" inquired Lord Rawdon.

"About six miles from here."

"Very well, you shall go back; and I will send an escort for your protection."

Emily had made up her mind to return a few miles on the way she had come, and then, taking a wide sweep around the camp, protected from observation by the darkness, resume her journey, and endeavour to reach the place where she expected to find General Sumter by the middle of the next day. She had gained fresh courage with every new difficulty that presented itself, and now she resolved to accomplish her errand at all hazard. What she most dreaded was the pursuit of the man Mink, from whom she had escaped, and who, she doubted not, was now at no great distance from the camp. To decline the escort, she felt, might renew suspicion, while it would not prevent Lord Rawdon from sending men to accompany her. So she thanked

him for the offer, and asked to be permitted to go without further delay. This was granted, and in an hour afterward Emily found herself safely in the house of a friend of her father and the good cause of the country. She had passed this house late in the afternoon, but was so eager to go forward and gain a certain point in her journey that night, that she did not stop. Fortunately, her escort had left her before she met any of the family, or the surprise expressed on her appearance might have created some new doubts in the mind of the sergeant that accompanied the guard.

About half an hour after her arrival, and while she was urging the necessity of departing immediately and endeavouring to pass the British army, a member of the family came home, and stated that he had a few moments before passed Mink on the road, riding at full speed toward Rawdon's encampment.

"Then I must go instantly!" said the courageous maiden, starting to her feet.

“If I remain here, all hope of reaching General Sumter with General Greene’s message is at an end; for in less than an hour an order will come back for my re-arrest, and I will be detained in the British camp. Let me go, and I will trust to Heaven and my good cause for safety.”

To retain the brave girl, under all the circumstances, was to incur too great a responsibility. After a hurried consultation, it was decided to let her proceed under cover of the darkness, but not alone. A fresh horse was provided, and soon after the news that Mink the tory had passed on toward the camp of Lord Rawdon was received, Emily, accompanied by a trusty guide and protector, was galloping swiftly in a direction opposite to that in which lay the British camp. A few miles brought her to a road that struck off toward the point on the Wateree which she was desirous to reach, in a more southerly direction, and which would take her at a wide angle from the point she most wished to avoid. Of

this road she had not herself known; but her guide, being familiar with the country, was able to conduct her by the shorter and safer route.

All night the girl and her companion rode on, at a pace as rapid as the nature of the road and the darkness rendered safe, and at daylight they were far away from the neighbourhood of the enemy's camp. As the sun came up from the east, the guide of Emily, according to instructions, after minutely describing to her the course she was to take, left her to pursue the remainder of her journey alone. Without stopping to refresh either herself or her tired horse, the young heroine pressed forward, though the heat grew more and more intense every hour, as the sun swept up toward the zenith. Faint, weary, and almost sick with fatigue, hunger, and excitement, she was urging on the jaded animal she rode, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, in emerging from a dense wood, she came suddenly on a file of soldiers whose

uniform she knew too well to leave a doubt of their being friends.

"Where will I find General Sumter?" was her first, eager inquiry.

"He is encamped a mile from here."

"Take me to him quickly," she said. "I have a message from General Greene!"

The excitement by which Emily had been sustained in her long and perilous journey now subsided, and ere she reached the presence of the American general, she was so weak that she had to be supported on the horse she rode. When brought into the presence of Sumter, she rallied, and, sustained by a newly-awakening enthusiasm, delivered her verbal message to the astonished officer, who, acting in accordance with the intelligence received, was on the march within an hour, to reach the point of junction with General Greene, which that commander had indicated in his despatch.

Two weeks elapsed before Emily got safely back to her father, who was in-

formed an hour or two after her departure of what she had done. Of his anxiety during her absence we need not speak; nor of the love and pride that almost stifled him as he clasped her to his heart on her return.

Of the subsequent history of Emily Geiger we know little or nothing. She was married to a South Carolina planter, some years after the British troops were expelled from the country she loved with so heroic an affection, and more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since she went down in peace to the grave. Doubtless, her memory is green in the hearts of her descendants, if any survive; and green will it be, for ages, we trust, in the hearts of all who know what it is to feel the emotions of genuine patriotism.

THE APRIL FOOL.

NOTHING is so much enjoyed, by some men, as a practical joke; and the greater the annoyance they can occasion, the greater their delight. Of this class was Mr. Thomas Bunting, who resided in a village a few miles out of New York. Bunting kept a store for the sale of almost every article known in domestic and agricultural life, from a number ten needle up to a hoe-handle; and from a mintstick up to a bag of coffee. Consequently, he was pretty well acquainted with all the town'speople, who were, likewise, pretty well acquainted with him.

As Bunting was constantly playing off his pranks upon one and another, he only

kept himself free from enemies by his good temper and ability to soothe the parties he sometimes irritated beyond the point of endurance.

The First of April was never permitted to come and go without being well improved by the joke-loving Thomas. If a customer sent for a pint of brandy on that day, he would be very apt to get four gills of vinegar; or, if for a pound of sugar, half a pound of New Orleans mixed with an equal weight of silver sand. That was a smart child who could come into his store on the occasion, and leave it without being the victim of some trick. So, from morning till night of the First day of April, the face of Mr. Thomas Bunting was one broad grin. Full of invention as to the ways and means of playing off tricks upon others, our merry friend was wide awake to any attempt at retaliation; and it generally happened that most of those who sought to catch him, got the laugh turned upon themselves.

Two years ago, as the First of April approached, Bunting began to think of the sport awaiting him, and to cast his eyes over the town to see who was the most fitting subject for a good jest.

“I must make a fool of somebody,” said he to himself; “a first-rate fool. I am tired of mere child’s play in this business. Who shall it be? There’s Doctor Grimes. Suppose I send him to see the young widow Gray? He’d like to make her a visit exceedingly, I know. But the widow knows me of old, and will be sure to suspect my agency. I guess that won’t do. Grimes is a good subject; and I’ve got a sort of spite against him. I must use him, somehow. The widow Gray would be first-rate; but I’m a little afraid to bring her in. The doctor’s as poor as Job’s turkey, and would be off to visit her on the run. Let me see? What shall I do? I’ve got it! I’ll send him to York on a fool’s errand!”

And Bunting snapped his finger and thumb in childish delight.

Doctor Grimes, to whom our joker referred, had been in the village only about a year, and, in that time, had succeeded in making but a small practice. Not that he was wanting in ability; but he lacked address. In person, he was rather awkward; and, in manners, far from prepossessing. Moreover, he was poor, and not able, in consequence, to make a very good appearance.

We would not like to say that, in selecting Doctor Grimes as the subject of his best joke for the First of April, Bunting acted on the principle of a certain worthy, who said of another—

“Kick him; he has no friends!”

But we rather incline to the opinion that some such feeling was in the heart of the joker.

The First of April came. Doctor Grimes, after eating his breakfast, sat down in his office to await expected morning calls for consultation, or to request his attendance on some suffering invalid. But no such calls

were made. The doctor sighed, under the pressure of disappointment, as he glanced at the timepiece on the mantel, the hands of which pointed to the figure ten.

“A poor prospect here,” he murmured despondingly. “Ah, if there were none in the world to care for but myself, I would be content on bread and water while making my way into the confidence of the people. But others are suffering while I wait for practice. What hinders my progress? I understand my profession. In not a single instance yet have I failed to give relief, when called to the bed of sickness. Ah me! I feel wretched.”

Just then, the letter-carrier of the village came in and handed him two letters. The first one he opened was from a dearly loved, widowed sister, who wrote to know if he could possibly help her in her poverty and distress.

“I would not trouble you, my dear, kind brother,” she wrote, “knowing as I do

how poor your own prospects are, and how patiently you are trying to wait for practice, did not want press on me and my babes so closely. If you can spare me a little—ever so little—brother, it will come as a blessing; for my extremity is great. Forgive me for thus troubling you. Necessity often prompts to acts, from the thought of which, in brighter moments, we turn with a feeling of pain.”

For many minutes after reading this letter, Doctor Grimes sat with his eyes upon the floor.

“My poor Mary!” he said at length, “how much you have suffered; and yet more drops of bitterness are given to your cup! Oh that it was in my power to relieve you! But my hands are stricken down with paralysis. What can I do? Thus far, I have gone in debt instead of clearing my expenses.”

He took out his pocket-book and searched it over.

“Nothing—nothing,” he murmured as he refolded it. “Ah, what curse is there like the curse of poverty?”

He then referred to the other letter, the receipt of which he had almost forgotten. Breaking the seal, he read, with surprise, its contents, which were as follows:—

“TO DOCTOR GRIMES.—Dear Sir: Please call, as early as possible, at Messrs. L—— & P——’s, No. — Wall Street, New York; where you will hear of something to your advantage.”

“What can this mean?” exclaimed the doctor, as he hurriedly perused the letter again. “Can it be possible that a relative of my father, in England, has died, and left us property? Yes; it must be so. Several members of his family there are in good circumstances. Oh, if it should be thus, how timely has relief come! For your sake, my dear sister, more than for my own, will I be thankful! But how am I to go

to New York? I have not a dollar in my pocket, and will receive nothing for a week or two."

The only resource was in borrowing; and to this the doctor resorted with considerable reluctance. From a gentleman who had always shown an interest in him, he obtained five dollars. Within an hour after the receipt of the letter, he was on his way to the city. The more he pondered the matter, the more likely did it seem to him that his first conclusion was the true one. There was an uncle of his father's, a miser, reputed to be very rich, from whom, some years before, the family had received letters; and it seemed not at all improbable that his death had occurred, and that he and his sister had been remembered in the will. This idea so fully possessed his mind by the time he arrived in the city, that he was already beginning to make, in imagination, sundry dispositions of the property soon to come into his hands.

"Can I see one of the gentlemen belong-

ing to the firm?" asked the doctor, on entering the store of Messrs. L—— & P——.

"Here is Mr. L——," said the individual he had addressed, referring him to a middle-aged, thoughtful-looking man, with something prepossessing in his face.

The doctor bowed to Mr. L——, and then said—

"My name is Dr. Grimes."

Mr. L—— bowed in return, remarking, as he did so—

"Will you walk in?"

The doctor was rather disappointed at the manner of his reception, and experienced a slight depression of spirits as he followed the merchant back into one of the counting-rooms attached to the store.

"Will you take a chair, sir?" said the merchant.

Both the gentlemen sat down. About L—— there was an air of expectancy, which the doctor did not fail to remark.

"My name is Doctor Grimes," said he, repeating his first introduction.

“I am happy to see you, doctor,” returned L——, bowing again.

“I received a letter from your house. this morning,” said the victim, for such he really was, “desiring me to call, as you had some communication to make that would be to my advantage.”

“There’s some mistake,” replied the merchant. “No letter of the kind has emanated from us.”

“Are you certain?” asked the disappointed man, in a voice greatly changed; and he drew forth the letter he had received.

L—— looked at the communication, and shook his head.

“There is no truth in this, sir. I regret to say that you have, most probably, been made the victim of an idle and reprehensible jest. To-day, you are aware, is the First of April.”

“Can it be possible!” exclaimed the doctor, clasping his hands together, while his face became pale and overcast with disap-

pointment. "Who could have been so unkind, so cruel!"

"And is the disappointment very great?" said the merchant, touched with the manner of his visitor, which showed more pain than mortification at the cheat practised upon him.

With an effort at self-command, Doctor Grimes regained, to some extent, his lost composure, and rising, remarked, as he partly turned himself away—

"Forgive this intrusion, sir. I ought to have been more on my guard."

But an interest having been awakened in the mind of Mr. L——, he would not suffer his visitor to retire until he held some conversation with him. In this conversation he learned, through delicately asked questions, even more of his real condition in life than the latter meant to communicate; and he still further learned that the mother of Doctor Grimes had been one of his early friends.

"Will you be willing to take the place

of Resident Physician at the ——— Hospital?" finally asked Mr. L.

"To one like me," replied Dr. Grimes, "that place would be exceedingly desirable. But I do not suppose I could get it."

"Why not?"

"I am a stranger here."

"Can you bring testimonials as to professional ability?" asked Mr. L——.

"I can. Testimonials of the very highest character."

"Bring them to me, doctor, at the earliest possible moment. I do not, in the least, doubt that my influence will secure you the place. I believe you have no family?"

"None."

"That may be an objection. A furnished dwelling is provided for the physician; and, I believe, one with a family is preferred."

"I have a widowed sister, who would be glad to join me; and whom I would be glad to place in so comfortable a position."

“That will do just as well, doctor. Bring over your testimonials as soon as possible. Not so much of an April fool, after all, I begin to think. Unless I am very greatly mistaken, you *have* heard something to your advantage.”

All came out to the satisfaction of both Doctor Grimes and the kind-hearted Mr. L——. In less than a month, the former was in comfortable quarters at —— Hospital, and in the receipt of twelve hundred dollars per annum. This was exclusive of rent for his sister's family—now his own—and table expenses. Moreover, for certain duties required of her in the hospital, his sister received three hundred dollars additional.

So it turned out that Dr. Grimes, so far from being made an April fool, was benefited by the wonderfully “smart” trick of Mr. Bunting. But of the particular result of his extra work, the village-jester remained ignorant. Being on the lookout, he was “tickled to death” when he saw the doctor start off post haste for New York;

and he looked out for his return, anticipating rare pleasure at seeing his "face as long as his arm." But this particular pleasure was not obtained, for he didn't see the doctor afterward.

"What's become of Dr. Grimes?" he asked of one and another, after a few days had passed, and he did not see that individual on the street as before.

But none of whom he made inquiry happened to know any thing of the doctor's movements. It was plain to Bunting that he had driven the said doctor out of the village; and this circumstance quite flattered his vanity, and made him feel of more consequence than before. In a little while, he told his secret to one and another, and it was pretty generally believed that Doctor Grimes had gone away under a sense of mortification at the storekeeper's practical joke.

"Look out for next year," said one and another. "If Doctor Grimes isn't even with you then, it'll be a wonder."

"It will take a brighter genius than he is to fool me," Bunting would usually reply to these words of caution.

The First of April came round again. Thomas Bunting was wide awake. He expected to hear from the doctor, who, he was certain, would never forgive him. Sure enough, with the day, came a letter from New York."

"You don't fool me!" said Bunting, as he glanced at the postmark. He had heard that the doctor was in, or somewhere near, the city.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, as he read—

"If Mr. Thomas Bunting will call on Messrs. Wilde & Lyon, Pearl Street, New York, he may hear of something to his advantage."

"Ha! ha! That's capital! The doctor is a wag. Ha! ha!"

Of course, Bunting was too wide awake for this trap. Catch him trudging to New York on a fool's errand!

“Does he think I haven’t cut my eye-teeth?” he said to himself exultingly, as he read over the letter. Doctor Grimes don’t know this child—he don’t.”

And yet, the idea that something might be lost by not heeding the letter, came stealing in upon him, and checking in a small degree the delight he felt at being too smart for the doctor. But this thought was instantly pushed aside. Of course, Bunting was not so “green,” to use one of his favourite words, as to go on a fool’s errand to New York.

Five or six months afterward, Bunting, while in the city on business, happened to meet Doctor Grimes.

“How are you, doctor?” said he, grasping the hand of the physician, and smiling with one of the smiles peculiar to his face when he felt that he had played off a capital joke on somebody.

“I’m well, Mr. Bunting. And how are you?” replied the doctor.

"First-rate—first-rate!" and Bunting rubbed his hands. Then he added, with almost irrepressible glee—

"You wasn't sharp enough, last April, doctor."

"Why so?" inquired Doctor Grimes.

"You didn't succeed in getting me to the city on a fool's errand."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Bunting," said the doctor seriously.

"Wilde & Lyon, Pearl Street—something to my advantage. Ha?"

The doctor looked puzzled.

"You needn't play the innocent, doctor. Its no use. I sent you on a fool's errand to New York; and it was but natural that you should seek to pay me back in my own coin. But I was too wide awake for you entirely. It takes a sharp man to catch me."

"You're certainly too wide awake for me now," said Doctor Grimes. "Will you please be serious and explain yourself."

"Last April a year, you received a letter

from New York, to the effect that if you would call at a certain place in Wall Street, you would hear something to your advantage?"

"I did," replied the doctor.

"Well."

"I called, accordingly, and received information which has proved greatly to my advantage."

"What?" Bunting looked surprised.

"The gentleman upon whom I called was a leading director in —— Hospital, and in search of a Resident Physician for that establishment. I now fill that post."

"Is it possible?" Bunting could not conceal his surprise, in which something like disappointment was blended. "And you did not write a similar letter to me last April?" he added.

"I am above such trifling," replied the doctor, in a tone that marked his real feelings on that subject. "A man who could thus wantonly injure and insult another for mere sport, must have something bad

about him. I should not like to trust such a one."

"Good morning, doctor," said Bunting. The two gentlemen bowed formally and parted.

If the doctor did not send the letter, from whom could it have come? This was the question that Bunting asked himself immediately. But no satisfactory answer came. He was puzzled and uncomfortable. Moreover, the result of the doctor's errand to New York—which had proved any thing but a fool's errand—was something that he could not understand.

"I wonder if I hadn't better call on Wilde & Lyon?" said he to himself, at length. "Perhaps the letter was no trick, after all."

Bunting held a long argument, mentally, on the subject, in which all the pros and cons were fully discussed. Finally, he decided to call at the place referred to in his letter, and did so immediately on reaching this decision. Still, fearing that the letter

might have been a hoax, he made some few purchases of articles for his store, and then gave his name.

“Thomas Bunting!” said the person with whom he was dealing. “Do you reside in the city?”

Bunting mentioned his place of residence.

“Did you never receive a letter from this house, desiring to see you?”

“I did,” replied Bunting; “but as it was dated on the first of April, I took it for the jest of some merry friend.”

“Very far from it, I can assure you,” answered the man. “An old gentleman arrived here from England about that time, who said that a brother and sister had come to this country many years ago, and that he was in search of them or their children. His name was Bunting. At his request, we made several advertisements for his relatives. Some one mentioned that a gentleman named Thomas Bunting resided in the town where you live; and we immediately dropped him a note. But, as no

answer came, it was presumed the information was incorrect."

"Where is he now?" asked Bunting.

"He is dead."

"What! Dead?"

"Yes. A letter came, some weeks after we wrote to you, from St. Louis, which proved to be from his sister, and to that place he immediately proceeded. Soon after arriving there, he died. He left, in money, about ten thousand dollars, all of which passed, by a will executed before he left this city—for in his mind there was a presentiment of death—to his new-found relative."

"He was my uncle!" said Bunting.

"Then, by not attending to our letter, you are the loser of at least one-half of the property he left."

Bunting went home in a very sober mood of mind. His aunt and himself were not on good terms. In fact, she was a widow and poor, and he had not treated her with the kindness she had a right to expect.

There was no likelihood, therefore, of her making him a partner in her good fortune.

Bunting was the real April Fool, after all, sharp-witted and wide awake as he had thought himself. His chagrin and disappointment were great; so great, that it took all the spirit out of him for a long time; and it is not presumed that he will attempt an "April Fool" trick in the present year, of even the smallest pretensions.

A WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I have fire-proof perennial enjoyments, called employments.

RICHTER.

“ALWAYS busy and always singing at your work; you are the happiest man I know.” This was said by the customer of an industrious hatter named Parker, as he entered his shop.

“I should not call the world a *very* happy one, were I the happiest man it contains,” replied the hatter, pausing in his work and turning his contented-looking face toward the individual who had addressed him. “I think I should gain something by an exchange with you.”

“Why do you think so?”

“You have enough to live upon, and are



MR. PARKER AND HIS RICH CUSTOMER.

not compelled to work early and late, as I am."

"I am not so very sure that you would be the gainer. One thing is certain, I never sing at my work."

"Your work? What work have you to do?"

"Oh, I'm always busy."

"Doing what?"

"Nothing; and I believe it is much harder work than making hats."

"I would be very willing to try my hand at that kind of work, if I could afford it. There would be no danger of my getting tired or complaining that I had too much to do."

"You may think so; but a few weeks' experience would be enough to drive you back to your shop, glad to find something for your hands to do and your mind to rest upon."

"If you have such a high opinion of labour, Mr. Steele, why don't you go to work?"

"I have no motive for doing so."

“Is not the desire for happiness a motive of sufficient power? You think working will make any one happy.”

“I am not so sure that it will make any one happy, but I believe that all who are engaged in regular employments are much more contented than are those who have nothing to do. But no one can be regularly employed who has not some motive for exertion. A mere desire for happiness is not the right motive; for, notwithstanding a man, when reasoning on the subject, may be able to see that, unless he is employed in doing something useful to his fellows, he cannot be even contented, yet when he follows out the impulses of his nature, if not compelled to work, he will seek for relief from the uneasiness he feels in almost any thing else: especially is he inclined to run into excitements, instead of turning to the quiet and more satisfying pursuits of ordinary life.”

“If I believed as you do, I would go into

business at once," said the hatter. "You have the means, and might conduct any business you chose to commence, with ease and comfort."

"I have often thought of doing so; but I have lived an idle life so long that I am afraid I should soon get tired of business."

"No doubt you would, and if you will take my advice, you will let well enough alone. Enjoy your good fortune and be thankful for it. As for me, I hope to see the day when I can retire from business and live easy the remainder of my life."

This was, in fact, the hatter's highest wish, and he was working industriously with that end in view. He had already saved enough money to buy a couple of very good houses, the rent from which was five hundred dollars per annum. As soon as he could accumulate sufficient to give him a clear income of two thousand dollars, his intention was to quit business and live like a "gentleman" all the rest of his days.

He was in a very fair way of accomplishing all he desired in a few years, and he did accomplish it.

Up to the time of his retiring from business, which he did at the age of forty-three, Parker has passed through his share of trial and affliction. One of his children did not do well, and one, his favourite boy, had died. These events weighed down his spirit for a time, but no very long period elapsed before he was again singing at his work—not, it is true, quite so gayly as before, but still with an expression of contentment. He had, likewise, his share of those minor crosses in life which fret the spirit, but the impression they made was soon effaced.

In the final act of giving up, he felt a much greater reluctance than he had supposed would be the case, and very unexpectedly began to ask himself what he should do all the day, after he had no longer a shop in which to employ himself. The feeling was but momentary, however. It

was forced back by the idea of living at his ease; of being able to come and go just as it suited his fancy; to have no care of business, nor any of its perplexities and anxieties. This thought was delightful.

“If I were you, I would go into the country and employ myself on a little farm,” said a friend to the hatter. “You will find it dull work in town, with nothing on your hands to do.”

The hatter shook his head. “No, no,” said he, “I have no taste for farming; it is too much trouble. I am tired of work, and want a little rest during the remainder of my life.”

Freedom from labour was the golden idea in his mind, and nothing else could find an entrance. For a few days after he had fully and finally got clear from all business, and was, to use his own words, a free man, he drank of liberty almost to intoxication. Sometimes he would sit at his window, looking out upon the hurrying crowd, and marking with pity the care

written upon each face ; and sometimes he would walk forth to breathe the free air and see every thing to be seen that could delight the eye.

Much as the hatter gloried in this freedom and boasted of his enjoyments, after the first day or two he began to grow weary long before evening closed in, and then he could not sit and quietly enjoy the newspaper, as before, for he had already gone over them two or three times, even to the advertising pages. Sometimes, for relief, he would walk out again, after tea, and sometimes lounge awhile on the sofa, and then go to bed an hour earlier than he had been in the habit of doing. In the morning he had no motive for rising with the sun ; no effort was therefore made to overcome the heaviness felt on awaking ; and he did not rise until the ringing of the breakfast-bell.

The "laziness" of her husband, as Mrs. Parker did not hesitate so call it, annoyed his good wife. She did not find things

any easier—she could not retire from business. In fact, the new order of things made her a great deal more trouble. One-half of her time, as she alleged, Mr. Parker was under her feet and making her just double work. He had grown vastly particular, too, about his clothes, and very often grumbled about the way his food come on the table, what she had never before known him to do. The latter's good lady was not very choice of her words, and, when she chose to speak out, generally did so with remarkable plainness of speech. The scheme of retiring from business in the very prime of life she never approved, but as her good man had set his heart on it for years, she did not say much in opposition. Her remark to a neighbour showed her passive state of mind: "He has earned his money honestly, and if he thinks he can enjoy it better in this way, I suppose it is nobody's business."

This was just the ground she stood upon. It was a kind of neutral ground, but she

was not the woman to suffer its invasion. Just so long as her husband came and went without complaint or interference with her, all would be suffered to go on smoothly enough; but if he trespassed upon her old established rights and privileges, he would hear it.

“I never saw a meal cooked so badly as this,” said Mr. Parker, knitting his brow one rainy day, at the dinner-table.

He had been confined to the house since morning, and had tried in vain to find some means of passing his time pleasantly.

The colour flew instantly to his wife’s face. “Perhaps, if you had a better appetite, you would see no fault in the cooking,” she said rather tartly.

“Perhaps not,” he replied. “A good appetite helps bad cooking wonderfully.”

There was nothing in this to soothe his wife’s temper. She retorted instantly—

“And honest employment alone will give a good appetite. I wonder how you could expect to relish your food after lounging

about doing nothing all the morning! I'll be bound that if you had been in your shop ironing hats or waiting on your customers since breakfast-time, there would have been no complaint about the dinner."

Mr. Parker was taken all aback. This was speaking out plainly "with a vengeance." Since his retirement from business, his self-estimation had arisen very high, compared with what it had previously been; he was, of course, more easily offended. To leave the dinner-table was the first impulse of offended dignity.

So broad a rupture as this had not occurred between the husband and wife since the day of their marriage—not that causes equally potent had not existed, for Mrs. Parker, when any thing excited her, was not over-choice of her words, and had frequently said more cutting things; but then her husband was not so easily disturbed—he had not so high an opinion of himself.

It was still raining heavily, but rain could no longer keep the latter at home.

He went forth and walked aimlessly the streets for an hour, thinking bitter things against his wife all the while. But this was very unhappy work, and he was glad to seek relief from it by calling in upon a brother craftsman, whose shop happened to be in his way. The latter was singing at his work as he had used to sing—he never sang at his work now.

“This is a very dull day,” was the natural remark of Mr. Parker, after first salutations were over.

“Why, yes, it is a little dull,” replied the tradesman, speaking in a tone that said, “But it didn’t occur to me before.”

“How is business now?” asked Mr. Parker.

“Very brisk; I am so busy that, rain or shine, it never seems dull to me.”

“You haven’t as many customers in.”

“No; but then I get a little ahead in my work, and that is something gained. Rain or shine, friend Parker, its all the same to me.”

“That is, certainly, a very comfortable state of mind to be in. I find a rainy day hard to get through.”

“I don’t think I would, if I were in your place,” said the old acquaintance. “If I could do no better, I would lie down and sleep away the time.”

“And remain awake half the night in return for it. No; that won’t do. To lie half-asleep and half-awake for three or four hours makes one feel miserable.

The latter thought this a very strange admission. He did not believe that, if he could afford to live without work, he would find even rainy days hang heavy upon his hands.

“Why don’t you read?”

“I do read all the newspapers—that is, two or three that I take,” replied Parker; “but there is not enough in them for a whole day.”

“There are plenty of books.”

“Books! I never read books; I can’t get interested in them. They are too long;

it would take me a week to get through even a moderate-sized book. I would rather go back to the shop again. I understand making a hat, but as to books, I never did fancy them much."

Parker lounged for a couple of hours in the shop of his friend, and then turned his face homeward, feeling very uncomfortable.

The dark day was sinking into darker night when he entered his house. There was no light in the passage nor any in the parlour. As he groped his way in, he struck against a chair that was out of place, and hurt himself. The momentary pain caused the fretfulness he felt, on finding all dark within, to rise into anger. He went back to the kitchen, grumbling sadly, and there gave the cook a sound rating for not having lit the lamps earlier. Mrs. Parker heard all, but said nothing. The cook brought a lamp into the parlour and placed it upon the table with an indignant air; she then flirted off up-stairs, and complained to

Mrs. Parker that she had never been treated so badly in her life by any person, and notified her that she should leave the moment her week was up; that, anyhow, she had nothing to do with the lamps—lighting them was the chambermaid's work.

It so happened that Mrs. Parker had sent the chambermaid out, and this the cook knew very well; but cook was in a bad humour about something, and didn't choose to do any thing not in the original contract. She was a good domestic, and had lived with Mrs. Parker for some years. She had her humours, as every one has, but these had always been borne with by her mistress. Too many fretting incidents had just occurred, however, and Mrs. Parker's mind was not so evenly balanced as usual. Nancy's words and manner provoked her too far, and she replied, "Very well; go in welcome."

Here was a state of affairs tending in no degree to increase the happiness of the retired tradesman. His wife met him at

the supper-table with knit brows and tightly compressed lips. Not a word passed during the meal.

After supper, Mr. Parker looked around him for some means of passing the time. The newspapers were read through; it still rained heavily without; he could not ask his wife to play a game at backgammon.

“Oh dear!” he sighed, reclining back upon the sofa, and there he lay far half an hour, feeling as he had never felt in his life. At nine o'clock he went to bed, and remained awake for half the night.

Much to his satisfaction, when he opened his eyes on the next morning, the sun was shining into his window brightly. He would not be confined to the house so closely for another day.

A few weeks sufficed to exhaust all of Mr. Parker's time-killing resources. The newspapers, he complained, did not contain any thing of interest now. Having retired on his money, and set up for something of

a gentleman, he, after a little while, gave up visiting at the shops of his old fellow-tradesmen. He did not like to be seen on terms of intimacy with working people! Street-walking did very well at first, but he tired of that; it was going over and over the same ground. He would have ridden out and seen the country, but he had never been twice on horseback in his life, and felt rather afraid of his neck. In fact, nothing was left to him, but to lounge about the house the greater portion of his time, and grumble at every thing; this only made matters worse, for Mrs. Parker would not submit to grumbling without a few words back that cut like razors.

From a contented man, Mr. Parker became, at the end of six months, a burden to himself. Little things that did not in the least disturb him before, now fretted him beyond measure. He had lost the quiet, even temper of mind that made life so pleasant.

A year after he had given up business he met Mr. Steele for the first time since his retirement from the shop.

"Well, my old friend," said that gentleman to him familiarly, "how is it with you now? I understand you have retired from business."

"Oh yes; a year since."

"So long? I only heard of it a few weeks ago. I have been absent from the city. Well, do you find doing nothing any easier than manufacturing good hats and serving the community like an honest man, as you did for years? What is *your* experience worth?"

"I don't know that it is worth any thing, except to myself; and it is doubtful whether it isn't too late for even me to profit by it."

"How so, my friend? Isn't living on your money so pleasant a way of getting through the world as you had supposed it to be?"

"I presume there cannot be a pleasanter

way; but we are so constituted that we are never happy in any position."

"Perhaps not positively happy, but we may be content."

"I doubt it."

"You were once contented."

"I beg you pardon; if I had been, I would have remained in business."

"And been a much more contented man than you are now."

"I am not sure of that."

"I am, then. Why, Parker, when I met you last you had a cheerful air about you. Whenever I came into your shop, I found you singing as cheerfully as a bird. But now you do not even smile; your brows have fallen half an inch lower than they were then. In fact, the whole expression of your face has changed. I will lay a wager that you have grown captious, fretful, and disposed to take trouble on interest. Every thing about you declares this. A year has changed you for the worse, and me for the better."

“How you for the better, Mr. Steele!”

“I have gone into business.”

“I hope no misfortune has overtaken you?”

“I have lost more than half my property, but I trust this will not prove in the end a misfortune.”

“Really, Mr. Steele, I am pained to hear that reverses have driven you to the necessity of going into business.”

“While I am more than half inclined to say that I am glad of it. I led for years a useless life, most of the time a burden to myself. I was a drone in the social hive; I added nothing to the common stock; I was of no use to any one. But now my labours not only benefit myself, but the community at large. My mind is interested all the day; I no longer feel listlessness; the time never hangs heavy upon my hands. I have, as a German writer has said, ‘fire-proof perennial enjoyments, called employments.’”

“You speak warmly, Mr. Steele.”

“It is because I feel warmly on this subject. Long before a large failure in the city deprived me of at least half of my fortune, I saw clearly enough that there was but one way to find happiness in this life, and that was to engage diligently in some useful employment, from right ends. I shut my eyes to this conviction over and over again, and acted in accordance with it only when necessity compelled me to do so. I should have found much more pleasure in the pursuit of business, had I acted from the higher motive of use to my fellows, which was presented so clearly to my mind, than I do now, having entered its walks from something like compulsion.”

“And you really think yourself happier than you were before, Mr. Steele?”

“I *know* it, friend Parker.”

“And you think I would be happier than I am now, if I were to open my shop again?”

“I do—much happier. Don’t you think the same?”

“I hardly know what to think. The way I live now is not very satisfactory. I cannot find enough to keep my mind employed.”

“And never will, except in some useful business, depend upon it. So take my advice, and re-open your shop before you are compelled to do it.”

“Why do you think I will be compelled to do it?”

“Because, it is very strongly impressed upon my mind that the laws of Divine Providence are so arranged that every man’s ability to serve the general good is brought into activity in some way or other, no matter how selfish he may be, nor how much he may seek to withdraw himself from the common uses of society. Misfortunes are some of the means by which many persons are compelled to become usefully employed. Poverty is another means.”

“Then you think if I do not go into business again, I am in danger of losing my property?”

“I should think you were; but I may be mistaken. Man can never foresee what will be the operations of Providence. If you should ever recommence business, however, it ought not to be from this fear. You should act from a higher and better motive. You should reflect that it is every man's duty to engage in some business or calling by which the whole community will be benefited, and, for this reason, and this alone, resolve that while you have the ability, you will be a working bee, and not a drone in the hive. It is not only wrong, but a disgrace for any man to be idle when there is so much to do.”

Mr. Parker was surprised to hear his old customer talk in this way: but surprise was not his only feeling—he was deeply impressed with the truth of what he had said.

“I believe, after all, that you are right, and I am wrong. Certainly, there is no disguising the fact that my life has become a real burden to me, and that business

would be far preferable to a state of idleness."

This admission seemed made with some reluctance. It was the first time he had confessed, even to himself, that he had committed an error in giving up his shop. The effect of what Mr. Steele had said was a resolution, after debating the pros and cons for nearly a month, to recommence business; but before this could take place, the kind of business must be determined. Since Mr. Parker had ceased to be a hatter and set up for a gentleman of fortune, his ideas of his own importance had considerably increased. To come back into his old position, therefore, could not be thought of. His wife argued for the shop, but he would not listen to her arguments. His final determination was to become a grocer, and a grocer he became. No doubt he thought it more worthy of his dignity to sell rice, sugar, soap, candles, etc., than hats. Why one should be more honourable or dignified than the other we do not

understand. Perhaps there is a difference, but we must leave others to define it—we cannot.

A grocer Mr. Parker became instead of a hatter. Of the former business he was entirely ignorant; of the latter he was perfect master. But he would be a grocer—a merchant. He commenced in the retail line, with the determination, after he got pretty well acquainted with the business, to become a wholesale dealer. That idea pleased his fancy. For two years he kept a retail grocery-store, and then sold out, glad to get rid of it. The loss was about one-third of all he was worth. To make things worse, there was a great depression in trade, and real estate fell almost one-half in value. In consequence of this, Mr. Parker's income from rents, after being forced to sacrifice a very handsome piece of property to make up the deficit that was called for in winding up his grocery business, did not give him sufficient to meet his current family expenses.

There was now no alternative left. The retired hatter was glad to open a shop once more, and look out for some of his old customers. Mr. Steele saw his announcement, that he had resumed business at his old stand and asked for a share of public patronage. About two weeks after the shop was re-opened, that gentleman called in and ordered a hat. As he came to the door and was about reaching his hand out to open it, he heard the hatter's voice singing an old familiar air. A smile was on the face of Mr. Steele as he entered.

"All right again," he said, coming up to the counter and offering his hand. "Singing at your work, as of old! This is better than playing the gentleman, or even keeping a grocery-store."

"Oh, yes, a thousand times better," the hatter replied warmly. "I am now in my right place."

"Performing your true use to the community, and happier in doing so."

"I shall be happier, I am sure. I am

happier already. My hat-blocks and irons, and indeed, every thing around me, look like familiar friends, and give me a smiling welcome. When health fails or age prevents my working any longer, I will give up my shop, but not a day sooner. I am **cured** of retiring from business."

THE END.

